

THE  
PRINCESS  
OF  
*Montferrat,*  
A  
NOVEL;  
Containing  
Her HISTORY  
And the  
*A M O U R S*  
OF THE  
*Count of SALUCES.*

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TO  
Her GRACE  
THE  
DUTCHESS  
OF  
ALBEMARLE, &c.

May it please your Grace,

**D***edications are now become so necessary, that such Books as appear without them, meet with the same Fate as Men abandoned by their Tutelar Angels, Scorned and Neglected, not thought capable of entertaining,*

A 2                      ing,

## The Dedication.

*ing, nor worthy to be lookt upon; but when addressed, the more illustrious Patronage is, the greater is the Opinion of them, and the more kindly are they received. These reasons have caused several to present you, Madam, with Works of this kind, and have Obliged me to make your Grace an Offering of this Amusement. I could never have hoped to have procured Pardon for this Presumption, if that your goodness were not known to be infinite, and that your Grace being generally acknowledged to be the best Judge of these sort of Producti-*

## The Dedication.

*Productions, I fancied it would have been injurious to your Prerogative to have offered them, and sought elsewhere for Protection, and that it had been as great a Crime, as for a Subject to have done homage to any other than His true Sovereign.*

*These, Madam, were the incitement, to the Ambition of having your Grace at the head of this Translation, whose only name is a perfect Elogy, and though without the Attendance of those vast Advantages of Birth and Fortune, which your Grace possesses in the highest Degree,*

A 3                      would

## The Dedication.

would still have been the greatest and most admirable Person in the World, by what You have received from Nature.

Writers now flock to You, Madam, as to the Fountain of all Perfections, not only to be own'd and countenanc'd, but also to copy and admire those Excellencies, which the Most Famous Princesses of the World have been celebrated for, and which so abound in Your Grace, that there needs no more to the Composing the Compleatest Panagyrick, than to say, the Dutcheſs of Albemarle, in which Words  
are

## The Dedication.

*are comprehended all those  
Extraordinary Qualities,  
which all the Earth have  
ever had in Veneration. So  
glorious a Prospect firing me  
with the Zeal and Pride of  
laying this Piece at Your Gra-  
ces Feet, I humbly beg it's ac-  
ceptance, and leave to declare  
the most Profound Respect,  
with which I am,*

May it please your Grace,

Your Graces

Most Humble, and Most

Obedient Servant.

E. S.



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THE  
PRINCESS  
OF  
*Montferrat,*  
A  
NOVEL.

**L**EWIS of *Montferrat* was  
a Prince who with the  
qualities of a great *Hero*,  
so abounded with those  
of a gallant Man, that he was  
the Inclination of Ladies, as well

as



as the esteem of brave Men. He was only heard spoken of in the World ; and never honour, nor vertue had a better Example. In the mean time with so many reasons that that Prince had to be content with himself, he was not, as People imagined. There wanted something to his felicity which rendred him as all other Men. He had Married a Wife of an Illustrious Birth, of a Merit as great as her Birth, and far more than can be expressed ; But by whom after ten Years Marriage, he had not had a Child, and that displeasure alone infected all that there was agreeable in the Glorious State of his Life. Vows, Prayers and Alms were not spared, the *Italians* are much given to them: At last Heaven seemed to be moved, and sent him a Daughter as Fair and as Perfect,

as



as if she had come from Heaven it self. This good Prince, signalized his Joy by a Fortnights Feast, which he ordain'd through all his Territory, but which was cruelly interrupted by the Death of the Marchioness, that happened a few days after her being brought to Bed. There was never seen in so little a time so much Joy and so much Grief as in the Heart of that Prince, who passionately loving his Wife, payed very dear by so sensible a loss, for the *Present Heaven* had just made him. He would have abandoned himself a thousand times to his despair, without the extream tenderness he had already conceived for that Infant, whom he looked upon as a Succour that had been sent him from above, against the misfortune that was to happen to him. It was without doubt

doubt the only thing that could render him capable of some reason, and make him survive the Death of so aimable a Princess.

*Brisida*, it was thus, they called that Child, who had promised so much Beauty the first days of her Birth, made appear, with the succours of some Years, a thousand times more than could have been hoped. All seem'd to augment in her from moment to moment, and the Charms of her Person, that would not have been said, at the Age of ten or twelve Years, that they could have mounted to a higher point of perfection, encreased after in such a manner, that every day one found in her some new Subject of Admiration. Her gate alone had at that age something so great and so agreeable together,

that

that she drew the Heart as well as the Eyes of all the World. I design not to draw her Picture, I could not, if I would, she had a thousand things which cannot be described, as her Eyes, her Complexion, her Neck, her Arms, her Hands ; all in fine had in her an extraordinary perfection, and a Beauty very difficult to be imagined. Yet all these Charming visible qualities were nothing, when they were compared to those of her Soul, there was found in her a vivacity of Wit, and at the same time so solid a Judgment, that she surprized the clearest Wits. She was never seen to be deceived in any thing ; and her Penetration proceeded to divine the greatest Secrets. In fine, if ever Soul appeared fair by the bright marks of Vertue, it was certainly that of that young Prin-

Princess; the noise of her Beauty ran far, and near: Nothing was spoken of in Foreign Courts but *Brisida*, and all those who had seen her, and understood Beauty, did agree that there was not a finer Person, nor nothing so rare to be seen in all *Italy*; that fine Country, which has almost always been the first Pilgrimage of those who have the least loved travelling, became in the time of that Princess a common Road of People, who had the least Curiosity: And *Rome* that famous City, never invited so many People by all its famous Antiquities, as *Cassal*, by the Beauty alone of *Brisida*. It was the place where she resided, as the ordinary residence of the Marquess of *Montferrat*. There was hardly a young Prince or Lord in *Europe*, who thought not himself obliged in

in Honour, to make thither a Voyage, as a necessary point to the reputation of a well-bred Person ; and Monarchs, who could not so far dispence with themselves, took care to send thither their Limners, to have the Picture of that fair Princess. From thence it came, that the Court of *Montferrat*, which had been formerly one of the least of *Italy*, was one of the most numerous, as well as the most gallant of *Europe*. The Marquess, a Prince who very well understood himself in all things, entertained People there, with so much Sweetness and Generosity, that it was still a new Charm to invite Strangers thither.

So fair a Princess, Heiress of a State as that of *Montferrat*, was without doubt a brave Match for what Prince soever. Several  
had

had already aspired to her: but the Marquess, who extreamly loved her, or rather, who loved nothing in the World but that Daughter, was not able to part with her so soon.

Amongst all the Illustrious Pretenders, was seen *Lewis* of *Bavaria*, Count Palatine of the *Rhine*, eldest Son of the Elector of that Name. This Prince who might aspire to so fair a Conquest, made appear in that Court an extraordinary magnificence in all things, and made his Love much talked of. He was handsome, well made, and had Wit: But there was seen in him a kind of sufficiency and contempt of all others, which made him not much beloved, especially by the Princess, who could not hinder her self in the least Rancounters, from showing him how little Inclination



clination she had for him. This Prince was not at all discouraged, he had more Ambition than Love, and that first Passion is not used to turn things to its disadvantage: he dayly invented new Parties of Hunting, Dancing, Masquerading, Turnaments, and other the like Divertisements: wherein he always wone the Prize, as well of Gallantry as of bravery, spending at a rate that ruined all those who would imitate him. All these advantages, rendred him fierce and proud, he being likewise naturally so, inso-much that he made himself insupportable to all the World. But Fortune, who sometimes pleases her self with reverses, to abate the pride of those who too much flatter themselves with their happy Successes, made him meet with a Gentleman more strong than

than himself, and who cruelly traversed him in all his Designs.

It was at a famous Turnament that this began, and of which the Princess was to give the Prize. The Count Palatine had already done all there that could be expected from a Gentleman, so perfect as he. There was no body more came to dispute with him the Prize, and the Princess was upon the point of delivering it him; when they saw a Man enter into the place, whose admirable Countenance, and the good Air he had on Horse-back, made all People at that instant judg he was no common Person. The Count stopped for sometime to behold him, and found, as well as all others, he had something extream Warlike. He had no other Train with him than a Gentleman of the Horse, and a Page; who



who carried his Lance. He was set out after a rich and superb manner. His Arms glittered, and had a marvellous effect in the Sun, who being upon the end of his Career, seemed only to spread his Rays for the better sparkling of the Jewels he had about him. The time pressed them to engage, and making only a half turn of the Lifts, as a defiance to the Count, who prepared to receive him; he bowed his Lance, and let his Horse go, who came thundring upon his Enemies with an impetuosity that never had had the like. The Count Palatine did almost the same thing on his side: and being met with a check, which resembled something more furious than that of two Men, their Lances broke upon their Breasts, through the two terrible strokes they received

ceived there. But their Force, their Address, or their Fortune were not equal: for instead, that the Unknown did only shake a little in his Stirrups; the Count Palatine, after having wavered some time in the Saddle, could not keep himself there, but fell upon the Ground. An advantage so considerable over a Prince, who was already the Conquerour of all the others, cast the Assistants into so great an astonishment, that they all shouted. It was not known, who this valiant Man was, he came into the Lists with his Helmet down, and all People had a desire to see him. The Marquess *de Montferrat*, fancied that he was *Philippo Mario Visconti*, a Prince much renowned for the fine Actions he had done, and who had already been seen in that Court: and in that Opinion, seeing

ing him approach to salute him ;  
 You only hide your self from us,  
 My Lord, said he to him, to  
 make your self more admired, and  
 the more agreeably surprize us ;  
 But we are already so accus-  
 tomed to all those glorious Actions  
 you do every day, that how un-  
 known soever you would appear,  
 you would still be discovered by  
 what you perform. This Gentle-  
 man who never in his Life had  
 been at *Cassal*, although he was  
 pretty well known to the Prince,  
 well perceived he was mistaken,  
 and lifting up his Helmet, he let  
 him see instead of the Son of the  
 Duke of *Milan* ; *Gaspar de Sa-*  
*luzes* only Son of the Marquess of  
 that Name ; whom the Marquess  
 having seen several times at the  
 Army, was not in much trouble  
 to know. He immediately em-  
 braced him, he carressed him  
 with

with the greatest tenderness in the World, and presented him to his Daughter, accompanying that honour with a thousand things he said to his advantage. *Briscida* gave him the Prize of the Turnament, with so much the more pleasure, that he had won it from a Prince, for whom she had naturally but little kindness; and to whom she had some regret of doing that honour, insomuch that there was then an agreeable change in her mind, which by the arrival of that Prince, passed all of a sudden from Vexation to the Joy she had of not being in that pain: And perhaps it was to that disposition of contrary Sentiments, that *Gaspar de Saluces* owed all the good reception she made him; for it is true, that she received him, not after her usual manner, and with that severity, she

she was accustomed to receive all those of the like rank; but with a sweetness and ways so engaging and so generous, that it seemed, she would in some fashion acknowledge the kindness he had just done her.

That amiable Princess who had Charms enough, without producing new ones, at that instant so powerfully surprized the Eyes and the Soul of that young *Hero*, that he remained almost without Motion; his Courage abandoned him, and he lost his very Speech : But his silence, his Eyes and all the actions of his Person spoke for him, and made the Princess know a part of the Joy he had in seeing her. The Marquess, who began at first to speak very obligingly of him, gave him time to come to himself a little, and his Wit, as the Son  
break-

breaking out from under some Clouds, taking new Forces, did flourish so many several ways, after that small Eclipse, that they were as much charmed to hear him speak, as they had been astonished to see him fight. He gave his hand to the Princess to accompany her to her Apartment, whither all the considerable Persons of that Court, having follow'd them, were ravished to consider him more nearly. The Marquess came afterwards ; and seeing him surrounded in with all those fine people, he thought, armed as he was, that a longer entertainment might incommode him ; and that it would do him a kindness, to disengage him. It is in a Doublet, My Lord, said he to him very gallantly, and as a Gentleman at the Bed-side, that the Ladies would see you. You will there find



find perhaps more dangerous Enemies than in the Lists, wherefore you had best prepare yourself for it. It is true, My Lord, answered the Count of *Saluces*, those Enemies are to be feared you speak of ; but since there is no honour to resist them, one may find a Comfort in being Conquered. After these Words, which he expressed with a very passionate action, he took leave of the Princess and retired. The Marquels offered him an Apartment in his Palace, which he civilly refused ; for that he well knew that they daily expected there the Queen of *Sicily*, and the Duke of *Savoy*, who were two persons of a Rank to leave little place left.

In the Evening there was a Ball ; and the *Count de Saluces*, Who would not let slip so fair an

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occa-

occasion of seeing the Princess again, who had charmed him, prepared to appear there one of the neatest. He succeeded therein to a Wonder ; for besides that he was naturally so in his Person, all that he had, and all that he put on, had an Air gallant and suitable. He came then to the Ball, where he was expected with much impatience, for all the World had a desire to see if he had as good a meen in his Cloaths, as in his Armour. There was a noise through all the Hall at the same time he appeared, that the Ball was something Interrupted : They pressed one another, some to see him, some to make him place, and made a sort of Confusion very agreeable for him. He was dressed after the *French* way, which is a Nation which gives Modes to all others,

and



and that Dress perfectly well became him : But it was neither the Richness, nor the Novelty of the Trimming which most drew the Eyes of the People ; it was the Grace and the Air of his Person, which Charmed the Hearts of those who looked upon him. Never was Man better made than he ; he danced, and it was with that he quite Surprized those who had not yet been won with the Qualities that had already been taken notice of in him ; for it was impossible to acquire ones self better. The Ladies, and especially those who had the Reputation of Beauties, and pretended to Conquests, formed in admiring him a thousand Deceivable signs upon his Liberty, but it was the Affair of *Brisida* ; and a Fear reserv'd for her Charms. He was so much Transported

and B 2 with

with the Pleasure of seeing her, that he was hardly himself.

The Count *Palatine*, who had not yet appeared at the Ball, came there a little after him, in Masquerade, accompanied with some Persons of the Court, who like him sparkled with the Gold and Jewels they had upon their Cloaths. This Count no sooner saw *Gaspard de Saluces*, than that he conceived a cruel Jealousie, which with the vexation he had already had, of being conquered by him, in the fight of *Brisida*, finished the rendring him one of his most Mortal Enemies. He had a Fierce and Impetuous Spirit, incapable of Suffering any thing that was above him, especially from those he esteemed his Inferiours; Restless, Suspicious, troubling himself with all things, and in his actions more passionate than

than any Man : Otherwise, as I have already said, well made of his Person, and brave to very rashness. He quickly perceived the change there was for him in the Minds of the Ladies, that all was turned for the *Count de Saluces*, and that that New Comer would have the better of him in all things, and in effect it was yet more true than he believed it. No body was took notice of but *Giscard de Saluces* ; and they all disputed who should do him the most Honour.

These were cruel blows to the *Count Palatine*, to whom they had already rendred the like Complaisancies ; and who had flattered himself that any other than he could not merit so much. The Masque he had very conveniently taken, helped him to hide the effects that Sight produced in his

B 3                      jealous

jealous Mind; and not desiring to be long the Witness of the Glory of his Rival, he went from the Ball, leaving for some time the rest of the Company much in pain, who knew not what was become of him.

The Ball ended; and if there had been a Prize to have been given, without doubt the *Count of Saluces* would have won that of Dancing, as well as that of the Turnament. He went away loaded with the Prayſes of thoſe who could give them, and who knew how to give them. The Princess was one of the first who rendred him that justice; and she looked upon him so obligingly in seeing him depart, that that little favour did much help towards his passing, with more Tranquillity, the rest of that Night, than he would have done.

It

It is true, that it was not to be expected that he could pass it without disquiet, being full, as he was, of the Idea of *Briseida*, which however he would not have drove away for the most agreeable Sleep of the World ; at least, if it had not represented her to him in all his Dreams.

It is thus that Love is used to insinuate it self into hearts. It begins by a Flame of Joy, which spreads it self through all the Body, and with which a Lover is so Enchanted, that he believes there is no greater felicity in Life, than that of Loving. Those Excesses however give too much Pleasure to last long, with a Passion so violent, and which is seldom without trouble. *Gaspard de Sa'nces* had too clear a Wit to be long dazzeled with such Illusions : and coming by little and

little to make Reflection upon what his Hopes were founded, so much joy he had felt in his Soul, to have seen *Brisida*, he perceived his Errour, and that he had no reason to rejoice ; and as if he had from thence foreseen a part of the Misfortunes, which were to happen to him from that fatal sight, he could not retain some Tears, which fell from his Eyes, and which made him take the Resolution, of Opposing a budding Passion, which could not but render him very Unhappy. But it was not an Affair so easy as he imagined, to efface the Image of *Brisida* in a Heart, where it had already took Impression.

*What can I pretend, said he in himself, from the Ardour I find my self transported with ? What can I hope from a Princess, to whom*



whom so many other Princes, greater than I, pretend? Who Love her, who Serve her; and who have not yet been able to obtain any thing from their Services, no more than from their Love? Though I should be, continued he, more happy than they have been, what proportion is there between the State of my Father, and that of Montferrat, that should make me be preferred before so many Rivals? and what appearance is there that a Princess, Severe and Ambitious, who regards no body, should dain to cast her Eyes upon me? No, no, my Heart, thou must undeceive thy self, though thou wer't made for Briscida, she was not made for thee; and it is in vain that——

He could not make an end. His heart gave the Lie to all he had just thought, and he thus Replied. *What is Love so terrible, that*

*is must be shunned with so much weakness? Thou sayest that Briseida is above thy hopes, that thou canst not pretend any thing from her after so many other Princes; well then, content thy self with loving the most Amiable Princess in the world. How many is there of those who are above thee, who are reduced to the same necessity? She can be but one Mans, and there will be still Unhappy ones enough to comfort thee for the same loss.*

This was the discourse of a passionate heart, that argued not very right. Love is only nourished with hopes; and this only pleasure of Loving is not capable to content a passion so full of Desires. He would have comforted himself with the Misfortunes of others; but it is in Love that this happens, where all is regulated  
only



only according to ones self; where one would be always the possessor. The *Count of Saluces*, who was not ignorant of one of these Truths, although he had never yet been in Love, concluded from thence that he loved but weakly, since his heart gave him Counsels so little suitable to Love. I should be likewise surprized, said he, after a little Reflection, that having always been so difficult to engage my self, I should have rendered my self at the first sight of *Briseida*. Am not I at *Cassal* the same that I was in all the Courts I have been? and of so many fair Ladies I have seen, has there been one that has made me sigh, but as much as I pleased? I ought to know my self better, continued he, still deceiving himself more. and not to take Sentiments of Esteem, which are perhaps some-

something extraordinary, because the Object is so, for Sentiments of Love.

How different is a Lover from what he was wont to be, when he knows not himself how he is Embarrassed in the middle of all those Winds which Fear and Desire raise? He argues according as the one or the other of those two Passions represents it self to his Imagination: Sometimes it is Desire that Commands; and sometimes it is Fear. He takes their Counsel by turns: he Resolves, he Wills, he Repents, he Advances, he Retires, he Takes, he Leaves; In fine, never more Designs, and never less Execution.

*Gaspard de Saluces*, after having been thus almost all the Night, agitated with all these different Tempests, seeing the

Day come, would rise to go seek  
 some solitary place where he  
 might dissipate them. *Cassal* is  
 in the best Situation of the  
 World, for places proper for  
 Amorous Pensiveness. There  
 is all round it a thousand agree-  
 able Walks, whether along the  
*Po*, which washes it's Walls, or  
 in the Fields, which are the finest  
 that can be seen. But nothing  
 is so Charming as the *Park*, which  
 besides several Natural Beauties,  
 has a Thousand Adornments of a  
 vast Expence that the Marquess  
 has made there, there are Green  
 Arbours, Grotto's, Terraces,  
 Walks, Fountains, and in fine  
 all manner of Ornaments, which  
 certainly render it one of the  
 finest Parks in the World. The  
*Count* in going from his Lodg-  
 ing passed by Chance before  
 the Gate of that Park, and find-

ing it open, without knowing what it was, the conveniency more than any thing else, invited him to enter, and walk there. He went from Alley to Alley without stopping, nor almost taking notice of the Beauty of the place, so possessed was he with his Ideas ; and he came at length to a Circle of Trees, which was one of the finest things in the place, and where all the great Allys met and ended. It is not without trouble one gets in : Because there is no Door but what is composed of a double Row of Trees, whose Bodies are interlaced with those kind of Shrubs which serve for Natural Walls. There is seen in the middle of this Circle a Fountain, out of which there comes many Water Spouts, which Sprinkle the Borders; and  
all

al round several Green Arbors,  
 where you hardly see day. There  
 was only this place that was ca-  
 pable of making our new Lover  
 something recollect himself from  
 his profound pensiveness; and it  
 was in one of those Arbours that  
 he would go and sigh, without  
 other Witness than Darknes and  
 Silence. He was followed thi-  
 ther by the Idea of *Briseida*,  
 which so possessed his Mind, that  
 overcome with the thoughts he  
 had upon this Subject, as much  
 as with the ill Night he had pas-  
 sed, he fell asleep upon a Grass  
 Couch, where he had seated  
 himself. A little Repose was  
 without doubt a great comfort to  
 him, if in all that time his mind  
 had not been disquieted with a  
 thousand troublesome Dreams,  
 which denounced him as many  
 Misfortunes. It seemed to him, in  
 fine,

infine, that he saw the Princess, who reached to him her hand, to draw him from a Precipice, where he thought to have been lost, and told him with a clear and intelligible Voice, You pretend to my Heart, Count ; I consent to it ; you shall have it, but it will cost thee thy Life. She had hardly pronounced these words, when he saw the place where he was converted into a Sea of Blood, from which he endeavoured in vain, as they do in Dreams, to get out ; and swet with Labour. Thereupon he awaked, all afrighted with the Circumstances of this Dream, of which he had still so strong an Idea, that he seemed to see *Brisida*, that Precipice and that Blood after the same manner it had been represented to his Imagination. He would immediate-



ly quit the place, that in making him see the most amiable Princess of the World, inspired him with so terrible Visions ; but he was hardly at the Door, than that *Brisida* presented her self to his sight, only followed by one of her Women, and in an Undress, who walked in the space that there is between those Arbours and the Fountain. A rencounter so unforeseen, with what he had just Dreamt, put him into a perfect Confusion. He remained as in an Exaltie, without Speech, without Action, without the least Motion, his Eyes fixed upon that Charming Princess, but in a posture, which with the trouble and the change there was upon his Face, would have made one believe that he was going to expire. *Brisida* appeared no less surprized than he ;



he; and was some time without knowing what Resolution she should take; but the Rules of her Devoir, from which she was not used to swerve in the least, having made her know to what she exposed her self, obliged her to return, after having saluted the Prince; who as if his Senses recovered his first Forces, by the Degrees she went from him; Ah Destiny! cryed he, lifting up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, since you have thus ordained it, I defend my self no longer, I will die for the Love of her. These Words were pronounced with so much of transport, and with a Voice so high, that the Princess who was not yet got out of the Circle of the Trees, heard them, and could not hinder her self from turning her Head towards him: And she  
saw

saw him in the Posture I have just told. That Action was not remarqued by the Count, from which he might have drawn favourable Conjectures for himself; but the consent he had just given his Heart to abandon himself wholly to the Love of *Briseida*, made his Mind a little more calm; and he returned home, less burdened with Grief than he went out.

He only employed himself all the rest of that Day, in thinking of the happiness of that Adventure. He knew not if it was the Princesses Custome, or Hazard, that had made him meet her there; but be it as it would, he still rejoiced at it as a piece of good Luck, and considered her Arrival as that of the Sun, which was come to dissipate all those sad Clouds, with which those Horrible

ble Dreams had obscured his Mind. Not but that, as the Sentiments of Lovers have their Turns and Returns, he found he had Committed some Faults, which vexed him, as having let the Princess go away, without speaking to her, not to have been the first to have ceded the place, to have Interrupted her Solitude; and in fine a thousand other the like Subjects, of which he Accused himself, as of great Crimes. Lovers are thus Ingenious to trouble themselves sometimes. Yet when he came to make Reflection up'n the manner she had beheld him, it seemed to him, that it was with an Air favourable enough; and that her Eyes had nothing of a displeased Person: As in effect he had reason; and if he had not been strongly possessed at her first Appearance; and

and that he could have judged with his usual Penetration, he would have seen all that he hope of the most happy Presages for his Love for it is certain that that aim ble Princess, having not been able to be the Mistress of her self in that Occasion, albeit offered to be seen, all sorts of Emotion of Joy and of Fear and a hundred other different Affections, which that sight excited in her Soul; and which made her change Colour two or three times, she had already passed a very cruel Night, full of Sighs and of Tears, that the Combats, Reflections and Reproaches had torn from her Heart. All this costs dear to a Soul, that never knew what was disorder of Reasons, nay nor disquiet of Mind.

The

The first time she had seen the *Count de Saluces*, she found something so great and so particular in him, that she took an extream pleasure to consider him from one end to the other. Afterwards the Combat he had against the *Count Palatin*, the Victory he had gained over him, the Pleasure he had therein done her ; All these things, I say, so Glorious, and so Favourable for him, had made some Impression upon her, or at least formed Admirable Dispositions to a particular esteem, which were quite Established the Evening he came to the Ball. Sentiments so new produced too extraordinary Effects in her mind, for her to be long time without perceiving them ; but far from striving against them, she would Authorise them by reason. What, said she in her self, if there be a  
 Man

Man who is above all others by his Merit, can one hinder ones self from having something more for him? Do not I see, that all the considerable Persons that are here, follow that Maxime, that they all Commend him, they all Court him, they all Honour him, and treat him after a different manner from all others? But her Mind, which was not capable to suffer it self to be long abused with such weak Enticements, taking Forces from her Reason, which still held firm; What is it that I do, replied she a moment after, with contrary Sentiments? I give him Arms to conquer me. Is it thus that one strives against a Passion that would render it self Mistress of my Soul? And thou, my Severity, what's become of thee? Thou basely abandonest me; but no, continued



ed she after a Moment of Reflection, what can I tear? I have perhaps an esteem for that Prince, but which will never come to Love. I am not a Fool: And all his Merit as great as it is, cannot blind me to that point, as to make me forget what I am, and what is my Duty. If I render him Justice, I shall render it likewise to my self. There is some difference between the *Count of Saluces* and the *Princess of Montferrat*; and my Heart, which hardly considers those who are it's Equals, will not easily stoop to him, whom it sees below it.

*Brisida* deceived her self, Inequalities do nothing in Love. A Heart mounts or descends, as it pleases that Passion, and it is not often known which will have the better. There needs only some-



sometimes one simple Charm, or nothing, to serve it for Weight. But it was, that that severe *Princess*, (seeing her self hurried whether she would or no, whither her Inclination drew her) would have hid her Weakness from her self, not to be obliged to resist him.

A certain Joy seiz'd her as soon as she saw him come to the Ball, mingled with I know not what fear, that she would not that any other but her had felt the like; and she in some manner trembled at the Marks of Esteem the other Ladies gave him, and as if she was already affraid of losing him. But that which most lively touch'd her, and which made her bethink, her self, was the displeasure she felt when the Ball was ended, and that she saw him upon the Point of Retiring. She

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then feared the Sequel, quitted the Company, lest the change there was in her Mind, might be discovered by her Countenance.

As soon as she came to her Apartment, she retired into her Cabinet, where a number of Sobs, of Sighs, and of Tears, overwhelmed her at the same time. She asked her self the reason, without being able to find it, and was so much the more afrighted, that she began to learn the custom of these tender Sentiments. Her Woman, who knew not what she did thus long alone, and who saw that her Hour of going to Bed was long passed, went and knocked at the Door of her Cabinet, to ask her, if she would not be Undrest; that noise made her Recollect her self a little, to think of the Condition  
 she

she was in, and not being willing to appear before them in that disorder, she was there still some Moments before she went out, endeavouring to settle her self, and told them at her return to her Chamber, that she was not well. They put her to Bed, where she hoped to have at least the Liberty of thinking and labouring to cure her self of a Disease, which already pressed her so much, as to make her afraid of the Consequences. But herein, she deceived her self; for Night, Solitairiness, and Thinking, are not good Remedies for such a Passion. Never so many sorts of Disquiets as assailed her in her Bed. Persons of that Character suffer extremely in such like Conjectures.

*Briseida*. had never been in Love: She knew nothing more of Love than what she had read in Books: But it is easy to become knowing in it, when one is once engaged. I had best imagine, said she to her self, that it is nothing but Esteem, what I feel for the *Count de Saluces*: I have esteemed several People in my Life, but never after this manner, and my Heart proceeds too far: from whence should proceed the trouble that the sight of him alone gives me? Why always thinking of him? And these Sighs and these Tears that I find stealing from my Heart, what do they not tell me! Ah! It would perfect my ruine to conceal it from me any longer. Thou Lovest, base Heart! Thou that didst so highly value thy self for being insensible! Thereupon she reproach-

reproached her self, endeavouring to call back into her Mind all that was most capable to turn her from the Precipice she saw her self led to: but to no purpose; for all her Efforts did only discover more clearly to her her Weakness, and the more engage her.

Love makes more way in such great Souls, than in those that are weak, because it makes use of all, and neglects nothing to conquer them entirely. Day came at length, after so terrible a Night; and not being able to stay in Bed, where far from getting rest, she was assailed by so many different Pains, she rose to go and take a little Air, and try to soften her ill Insolitude. She called *Dorisa*, one of her Women, in whom she most confided, and bid her dress her. *Dorisa*, much surprized at

this Design, answered it was yet very early ; and that there was no Body up in her Apartment ; but seeing that this did not change her Resolution, she did what she was Commanded, and gave her the Cloaths she would have ; and without any other Attendance, they both descended the Balcony that had stairs into the Garden, and from thence they went to the Park, which was a Place more Retired, where the Princess, who at that Hour would not be seen by any body, had a Mind to walk. *Dorisa* followed her, much in pain, to know what Disease the Princess had, who was not used to do thus at the other times she was indisposed. This, I say, embarrassed her ; and she would gladly have been able to have penetrated into the secret ; for to have imagined that her Disease

lay



lay in the Heart, and that there was Love in this Change of Humour, she knew her too well to dare only to conceive the least suspicion. Nevertheless it was that. It was Love which having made *Briseida* lose her rest, led her to the Park, and Conducted her to the same place, where was the *Count de Saluces*. But with what Astonishment was she seized, when she saw him come out of the Arbour. But a Moment before, she had said to her self, My God, what would become of me, if I should now meet him; and she no sooner saw him, than that she believed Heaven concerned it self in it, and that it would be to no purpose for her to defend her self.

She was some time without knowing effectively, what was become of her self, and if then,



as I have already said, *Gaspar de Saluces* had had the Liberty of his Sences, and that he had observed her, he would have seen in her Face and in her Action the most sensible Marks he could have hoped of his Happiness. For in the first Moment she suffered her self to be transported with the Pleasure so charming a surprize gave her : And she was hardly come to her self, when remembering what she was, and what Modesty required, she forced her self from a place so dangerous to her.

But at the Exclamation this Prince made, she could hardly restrain her self from stopping and answering him. That Day was less cruel to both Parties, than the Night.

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The *Count* despaired of nothing; and the *Princess* content with having comprehended by his Words, as well as by his Action, that he Loved her passionately, was much delighted, and it eased the pain that her Reason gave her of the too advantageous Sentiments which she had for that Prince.

In the Evening the *Marquis* had advice by an Express Courier, that the Queen of *Sicily* was but fifteen Miles from *Cazal*, and that she hoped to make her Entry the Day following. All the Forreign Princes and Lords who were in that Court prepared themselves to accompany the *Marquis de Montferrat*, who was to go meet that Illustrious Queen. They had all great and Magnificent Equipages, which they yet endeavoured to aug-

ment in that Occasion, where there was only required Pomp and Show.

The *Count de Saluces* who had been at *Cazal* but one day, with a Train of a Knight Errant, was the only one of whom nothing extraordinary could be expected; and yet, in the little time he had, it may be said, that he surpassed, not only all Expectation, but all that a greater *Prince* than he could have done in several Days. It is true, that it was not so much to do Honour to the Queen, as to please the *Princess*; and as he had the finest Meen of any Man in the World, there was no body made such a show as he.

*Marguerite* of Savoy, Wife of *Lewis de Anjou* King of *Sicily*, of *Naples*, &c. Being to go to the King her husband, who had newly took possession of those  
King-

Kingdoms, designed in leaving *Provence*, where she retired, to see her Brother, Duke *Lewis* of *Savoy*, with whom she was to Confer about Affairs of Consequence; and *Cazal* was chosen for the place of their Interview. Not but that he would have willingly had a place less out of his Sisters way, or some City in his own State; but she had thus desired it for Reasons, of which the most Important was, she had a desire to see *Briseida*, of whom she had heard so much talk. That Queen pretended much to Beauty, and she had already a long time desired with an Extream passion, to have some pretext to satisfy her Curiosity, that she might herself judge, if all that was said of that fair Princess was true.

Women

Women do not usually do one another too much Justice upon that Chapter, and are the first who are deceived in what concerns themselves. This Queen was certainly one of the most perfect Beauties; and there was none but *Briseida* who could dispute with her the first place. She had after her a great Train of People; and 'tis to be imagined her Equipage was something very Magnificent, she being to make therewith her first entry into those two Kingdoms; and haughty as she was, she had forgot nothing for the making it the most Glorious.

The Marquis had no sooner met her with all those *Princes*, than that she alighted out of the Coach where she was, more to shew her self, than for any other reason of Ceremony; and she mount-

mounted upon a fine Barb, which she managed with the best Grace imaginable : She had upon her Head a Coronet in form of a Helmet, covered with Diamonds, and shaded with a number of Feathers, which had upon her a most Charming Effect : All people were ravished to see her ; and those who had fancied there was only *Briseida* in the World, were ready to unsay it, and knew not who had the advantage. She, for her part, was no less charmed, to see with the Marquis so many young handsome Lords, with Equipages and Trains so rich, so neat, and so pompous : She easily judged that they were persons of the first rank, the most part of whom were invited to *Casal* by the Beauty of *Briseida* : She considered them all, the one after the

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the other, and asked their Names of the Marquis. *Guyon de Saluces* was one of them, who was the least set off with Gold and Jewels ; yet whole Gracefulness immediately drew the Eyes of the Queen, and of whom she first informed her self ; she took notice that he was extream thoughtful ; but his discourse appeared not less agreeable.

When she was about two hundred paces from the City, *Briseida* met her, with all the Principal Ladies of the Court splendidly drest : That interview was fine, and had something very singular between two such Beauties as they were ; for they caused admiration in one another, and without doubt jealousy. There was a Triumphant Chariot prepared for the Queen, which had followed *Briseida*.  
They.



They both mounted into it, and enter'd the City with the sound of an infinite number of Trumpets, and a terrible noise of Cannon. But *Gaspard de Saluces* had neither Eyes, nor Ears, since he saw *Briseida*; and though the Queen looked on him, and spoke to him, his answers were not like what they had been, and had his Eyes still fixed upon that Divine Princess.

She came at length to the Palace where she was regalled with a noble Collation, after which the Maquess conducted her to the Apartment he had prepared for her, being the neatest and richest that ever had been there. One part of the Night passed in Ceremonies and Compliments usual in such occasions, after which all retired to leave the Queen in the liberty to go  
to

to Bed. All people confessed she was one of the Fairest, and one of the most amiable Princesses that was under the Heavens; but there was none so well persuaded as the Marquess *de Montferrat*; and though in an age something advanced, Gallant as he was, his heart was not impenetrable to such fair Charmes. The Count *palatin*, in whose mind Ambition would have rais'd a revolt, did likewise agree to this truth. That engaging sweetness he found in the Queen, and which he called the true Charm of Souls, was in his Opinion capable of causing greater perfidies than he meditated. *Bri-seidia* was a haughty Princess, that treated with a coldness that proceeded to contempt. She had not favoured him with one obliging look in two months he had

had served her, and sighed for her; and he saw that a Queen full of Charms, and of whom the Conquest would be the most glorious in the world, honoured him at the first sight with a thousand goodnesse; Vanity at least made him think so.

It is after this manner that these proud Minds treat Love: They appear in the beginning all full of ardour; but it is a fire which goes out at the lure of another that that passion which rules them counsels them to follow, in the hopes of a better Success. The Marquis and this Count found themselves possessed with esteem for the Queen of *Sicily*; but with an esteem, which in so little time had advanced too far, not to be quickly converted into Love. Thus esteem ordinarily goes before

fore, or rather Love masks it self with the Figure of esteem, the better to seduce us. The fair Queen likewise on her side felt something new in her, which she knew not how to name; and which hindred her from sleeping: It was neither for the love of the Marques, nor for the love of the *Palatin*, she hardly thought of them. So much honour she had received, so much pomp, so much magnificence that had been made for her, in some manner contented her proud mind; but in the heart, she felt I know not what, which troubled all the joy so glorious a day ought to have given her. *Briseida*, and the Count *de Saluces*, were as two Stars, which in entring *Cazal*, foretold her a thousand Cruel pains she was to suffer there.

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The Beauty of that Princess, which she found yet more perfect than she could have imagined, gave her troubles she had never tryed for any Woman ; and so many Charming qualities she had observed in that young Prince, terribly allarmed her Heart, which she feared to lose and to lose to no purpose, near so fair a Princess. She had brought with her *Julia*, Daughter of Count *Palamedes*. Who she tenderly loved, and who lay ordinarily with her. That Maid heard her often sigh and turn incessantly in the bed ; yet durst not ask her what she ailed ; but at length the disquiet she had getting the better of her Moderation: *I know not, Madam* (says she to her) *whats the matter, but either you are not well, or something vexes you, that is not to*  
*come*

*come to my knowledge. The Queen only answered her at first with a great sigh. She wisht, without doubt, that Julia would divine her Disease, without obliging her to declare it: But seeing her self pressed more than once, and having all manner of Confidence in her, she could not conceal from her any longer, that she had her mind something embarassed. Have you well considerd, Julia, (said she to her) the Princess of Montferrat? How do you find her? Is she not the handsomest Person upon the Earth? It is true, Madam, (answered Julia, something surpriz'd at that Question) that she appeared to me pretty, as in effect she is: But I shall do her Beauty no injustice, if I say, that I know as perfect, and which, without lying, is much more Charming: For*  
*you*



you know, Madam, that to be pretty, and to please, are two things ; and that one may possess the one, and want the other ; and that misfortune is happened to the Princess of Montferrat ; who being otherwise a perfect Beauty, has not, at least in my Opinion, that which most touches Peoples hearts, which are particular Charms, which often have the better of the greatest Beauty. Would to God, Julia, said the Queen to her, embracing her very tenderly, as being pleased with what she had just said, that all the World were as thou art. I confess, Madam, replied Julia, that the Princes would not touch me : But should she be to the Eyes of all others wholly different to what she is to mine, and to say more than is possible to say, that she had as many Charms



Charms as you have, that Reputation of Beauty does it at this present give you so much disquiet that you lose your rest ; and though that Princess were as fair as you, should not you be still above her, one of the greatest Queens upon the Earth ? I ask your pardon, Madam, pursued she seeing the Queen gave her no answer, if I dare tell you, that this surprizes me from a Wit as reasonable as yours. If you knew your self well, you would judge better of your self ; and would not trouble your mind about an advantage which no body dare dispute you. I avow, answered her the Queen, that I am extravagant, in having so ridiculous a suspicion : But what will you do if I cannot help it ? Leave me as I am, or say nothing to me : For I should fear to fall perhaps into a worse

worse Estate than that in which you see me. *Julia* replied no more, and kept silence some time. She knew not what to comprehend from the ill humour of the Queen, which was so unusual. She judged 'twas not the Beauty alone of *Briseida*, which caused so great a change ; though it was a very nice point, for a pretty Woman: In so much, that she believed, and with Reason, that there was something more in her Mistresses mind, which she would have gladly known. I will not, Madam, said she to her some time after, enter further into your secrets, than you will permit me to dive ; but if I was suffered to tell you what I think, I know you so well, for the Queen of the World, who gives the best Judgment of things, that I cannot

not believe, that it is only the Beauty of *Briseida*, that has so possessed you for these two or three hours, that you do nothing but sigh: Give me only the liberty to question your sighs, they will tell me perhaps the Truth of a disease you endeavour to disguise. I heard those sighs, continued she smiling; and if I understand them, they were not sighs of Envy. *Julia* was not deceived; and that which made her speak thus boldly, was, that she knew the fair Queens heart, which was not the most insensible of the world: As she had an infinite deal of Wit, she had well foreseen, that of so many handsome young Princes there was in that Court, there might be some one who better pleas'd her Mistress than the others. The Queen could not deny it in  
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the end : But she at the same time assured her, it was nothing but pure esteem, and not the least sentiment of Love. So pure an esteem, replied the cunning *Julia*, would make me sigh, Madam, as you do. Perhaps, replied the Queen, blushing a little, that there is some tenderness mingled; but do you believe that one cannot have tenderness without having Love? That is true, Madam, replied *Julia*, who had no mind to contradict her therein; but that is very nice. After that she pressed her no more, well imagining, that the Queen, who could not sleep, would not fail to renew the discourse, to tell her her self all she desired to know.

How both soever a Woman is to make an amorous Confession, it must be allowed, it is a

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very great ease to the Heart, when one can find a Person in whom to put Confidence, and who is capable of such kind of secrets: One is so full of these beginnings of Love, that there is no greater pleasure, than to discharge ones self a little, upon some one who knows how to use Compliance. The Queen sigh'd more than ever, to the end *Julia* might return to the assault. That Maid knew it; and saw very well what she would have. But either out of malice or revenge she would not understand her; at length however, as out of pity, she renewed. Well! Madam, said she to her, you will not grant that it is Love. Alas! the Queen answered sighing, it shall be all that you will: Why then, said *Julia*, do you make so great a mystery of it to me?

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Do you esteem me, or rather do you love me so little, that I must needs force this secret from you? Do not wonder, *Julia*, replied the Queen; I would not know it my self. Do you believe it so easie to confess ones weaknesses, that there's no need of being pressed to it? It is not requisite to have so much pride, as I have: And I know no body but thy self, to whom I would, though it were to save my Life, make the like Declaration. *Julia* heard her; but was not of those false pretenders to discretion; who to mend their own Reputation, would have endeavoured to have given her an ill discription of Love. She was too clear sighted, not to see that the Queen failed in her Conduct. But she was neither old enough, nor of a humour to make remon-



strances to her; which besides  
 would have been very useless,  
 as all those are, that are made to  
 Lovers: What she desired, was to  
 know the name of that happy  
 Conquerour: She fell to talk  
 of all the Princes and principal  
 Lords of that Court, to praise  
 the merit and good meen of  
 each one in particular, to begin  
 from the Marquess down to those  
 who made the least of Figure  
 proper for a Lover: But the  
 Queen did not seem to be touch-  
 ed with the least sentiment of  
 esteem for any of those she had  
 named: Malicious *Julia* had  
 cunningly and designedly forgot  
 the Count *de Saluces*, of whom  
 she had more suspicion than of a-  
 ny other; not only because that  
 Prince was made after a manner  
 that it was hard for any sensible  
 Woman to see him, without  
 having

having for him advantageous sentiments ; she had likewise remarked, that the Queen had with her Eyes examined him more than once with a great deal of pleasure ; she was not mistaken, and what she expected hapned, for the Queen impatient, that after all she had said to the advantage of the one and the other, she spoke not of him whom she thought above all ; but thou, said she to her, who art so knowing in Beauty and the good meen of people, from whence comes it, that you tell me nothing of the Son of the Marquess of *Saluces* : Is it, continued she, with a little blush which flew into her face, that you have not observed, that there was not one of those you have named, who had so good an Air, nor was so well made, as he, and if thou hast heard part of those

things, he said to me from the beginning, prithee tell me, if one can have more wit than he has. That is true, Madam, answered *Julia* smiling, but I was willing you should say that your self, hoping you would acquit your self better than I. Ah! *Julia* cryed she, I knew what you would say, thou hast discovered all; I care not, I have told you too much not to let you know the whole. You must not, replied *Julia*, make an Obligation to me of what costs me all my Address: For you see, Madam, I know nothing from you but what I am fain to divine. What will you do, replied the Queen, laughing? It is not but that I had a desire to declare to you all; but as I have already said, When one is proud and pretends to glory, one has a great deal of pain to bring any thing  
to

to light, that accuses us of weakness. If you knew the pleasure you did me in sparing me a part, you would not take it ill that I make you languish after such a secret. A man as the Count *de Saluces*, said *Julia*, has methinks wherewith to justify a Woman, for having some inclination for him : For it is certain he is quite differently made from others ; and I believe it very pardonable when one has some little weakness for Gentlemen of his fashion. But I find it no less difficult, to be able to keep to the sentiments of esteem you speak of, when one is so well persuaded of the merit of a man, in whom there is found so many qualities, which serve for excuse and for pretext, to pass further and to proceed to Love. The Queen answered her, that however she prais'd her self it, and that e-

steeming that Prince, as she esteemed him, she had made for him all the paces she could make, and that there would be nothing more. I now know, continued she, that there are men of a certain Character, who have a strange Authority over the minds of Women: For in fine, to have made me sigh from the first time I saw him, is what I never would have believed, though he had come from Heaven. I said however, not long since, out of I know not what Spirit of Prophecy, that if for my misfortune I should ever meet a man, as I imagined him, made just as the Count *de Saluces*, all my Spirit could not hinder me from having a kindness for him. What foreknowledge, *Julia*, and how we are made each one to have his weakness: However, added she

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feeling she was not interrupted,  
 I will see I am faulty in no fault-  
 ty in not defending my self bet-  
 ter than I do. For in fine, what  
 will all this come to? If I love,  
 am I sure of being beloved? The  
 Count of *Saluces* came not to  
*Cazal* for the love of me, and it  
 will not be for me that he will  
 stay there. He knows not the  
 sentiments I have for him, nor  
 shall he know them if I can help  
 it as long as I live: What delight  
 can I expect from this whimsey,  
 and how unfortunate should I be  
 if I should further engage my  
 heart, and that his should al-  
 ready be possessed by *Briseida*.  
 It is true, I have been told, he  
 has been but four days in this  
 Count. But I have seen him so  
 pensive, that I fear I am come  
 too late by four days, or too soon,  
 to have any thing but trouble.



This, *Julia*, this is all my disquiet; and if thou comprehendest it well, thou wilt find, that it is the greatest, with which a nice Soul, as mine, can be oppressed. Help me, if thou lovest me, my dear *Julia*, to get light into this affair: Let us observe both the one and the other, for I shall not be at rest, till I am well assured what there is in it. *Bri-seida*, perhaps will not distrust me, and that we may discover this mystery, I will seem to have so much Confidence in her, that she shall be forced to put some in me; and she will tell me, without doubt, the sentiments she has for that Prince.

Thus the Amorous Queen passed the Night with *Julia*; she was not so much to be pitied as *Bri-seida*: A heart which can so easily render itself, is not sensible of

of half those ills, that another which defends it self induces: She permitted her self all things; nay, and took delight, fair as she was, in imagining that the Count *de Saluces* was going to be her Lover. But the Princess of *Montferrat*, whose virtue a little more severe, did not suffer her to entertain her self after the Queens mode, had not the least sweetness to comfort her for the ills she suffered; by so much the more cruel, in that she was obliged to conceal them; and yet could not Conquer them; they kept her Company Night and Day, and left her not a moment of repose. The Beauty of the Queen of *Sicily* did still produce new troubles, which gave her cruel alarms; and this in truth was that which then most disquieted her. She would not have  
been

been in so much pain perhaps without *Gaspard de Saluces*. It was for the love of him, above all, that she had a desire to have the better of the Queen of *Sicily*; and in that design, she was no sooner up, than that she took a thousand Cares, to repair the bad effect of the two Nights she had past so ill: But whether she found her self not so handsome as usual, or that it appeared to her thus out of the great desire she had to be more than ordinarily, she could never content her self, and went again to bed; under pretext of some indisposition, an excuse always ready for Ladies, when they find not in themselves Beauty enough to appear in the light. The Queen on her side was busied to the same end; and to lay inevitable inures for the Counts

Counts Heart. She consulted sometimes her Glass, and sometimes *fu'ia*; and saw no body enter her Chamber, of whom she did not ask, how they liked her that day. She was dressed like an Amazone, which was then the mode, and the most advantageous for her, as the most dangerous to the Eyes of men; and if ever Woman shewed Beautys in that Habit, it was certainly that charming Queen. The Marquess was the first who came to make a mortal Essay; and so many Charms, whose power he was already but too sensible of, brought him into that confusion that he had hardly the force to speak to the Queen some disordered words. She to whom the like Triumphs of her Beauty had already hapened, did only smile; and being willing

ling to encourage the Marquess by flattering him: It cannot be said, my Lord, said she to him after a very obliging manner, that you are not very exact in doing the honours of your Court; for from the evening to the morning, you forget nothing to oblige your Guests. Ah, Madam, answered the Marquess sighing, if there was nothing, but what you see, you would be but little obliged; and I should have but little to do. The Queen, who immediately comprehended, by the passionate tone with which he spoke, what he meant, had no mind to make him explain, for fear of engaging herself too far in a discourse of which she would not understand the least. Not but that at another time she would have made it her divertisement to have a Gallant

as the Marquis; but in the beginning of a passion the least amusement is a burden, and does only help to incommode. Wherefore she fenced it off by making him a thousand questions upon indifferent things, till that the *Palatine* came, who perplex'd her no less than the Marquess, who was as confus'd as she: For already spurred on by his passion, and not knowing when he should find so fair an occasion of declaring it, he could not help the being vexed at the other for coming so unluckily to incommode him. But the *Palatine*, who had the same design with the Marquis, was no less disappointed and out of humour, than he. They both made several Compliments to the Queen, who suffered them with patience enough,



nough, yet would have been glad to have been rid of them, to the end the Count *de Saluces* coming, as she expected him, she might entertain him in particular; that uneasiness made her turn her Head every moment towards the Door, as any one entered the Chamber, still hoping that it would be him. At length, being overcome with impatience, or rather some motion of Jealousie seizing her; being told the Princess was not well, she suspected the Count *de Saluces* might be with her; without ground however, those liberties not being permitted in those Countries, especially at the hour she fancied. But of what suspicions is not an Amourous mind susceptible! in fine, she was not at rest, till she had prayed the Marquess to lead her  
to

to his Daughters Chamber, to learn from her the news of her health.

*Briseida* saw her enter as a Sun, that came to vie with her in Beauty and in Brightness. There past Compliments between them which lasted some Moments; after which the Conversation was general. At length came *Gaspard de Saluces*, who immediately drew the Eyes of all the Company: He had this in particular and usual to him, that wheresoever he came he made himself considered above all the others. The Princess blusht at her first seeing him, and if the Queen had took the pains to have observed her then, as she had resolved to do in all Occasions, she would easily have discovered a truth, which she might have read in the Princesses Face; but  
per-

perhaps it was better for her she did not. It is true she was so confused her self, with her own disorder, that she had not time to think of examining that of others. It was she whom *Gaspard de Saluces* first saw at his entrance into the Chamber; and who so strangely amazed him with the Force of her Charms, that he would have been surprized without the succours of *Briseida*. The Queen observed it with a great deal of Joy, but she did not long enjoy that pleasure; because he had no sooner turned his Eyes towards the Princess, than she saw her Charms defeated. Ah cruel adventure for so fair a Queen, who had despised the Conquest of several Kings: She was vexed to the very heart; yet she had so good Opinion of her self, as not to yield to any Other; and that

a Woman always flatters her self very easily in what concerns her Beauty; she returned to the Charge; she Ey'd him, sigh'd at the same time, she cast her Eyes upon him, smil'd upon him, spoke to him very obligingly: So many advances ought to have produced some effect, but it was little or nothing. The regards of that happy Lover past over her as lightning, but fixt upon *Briſeida*, and it was perceived they were not removed from thence without pain. Ah my God, what vexation! She would then, if she had been able, have cast away all the advantageous thoughts of him; but a heart cannot easily retire, it must march on with Love, and when once you have made the first step, it seldom suffers you to look back: She for some time kept  
silence

silence, entertaining her self with  
 the unhappy state of her tender-  
 ness. *Heavens! what have I*  
*done?* (said the poor Queen,) *I*  
*have given my Heart for nothing:*  
*I have put it into the Hands of a*  
*Man, who is possessed by another,*  
*and what is most shameful for me,*  
*is, that I am not able to take it*  
*back: Yet perhaps I am deceived*  
 (added she a moment after) *the*  
*too much Passion we have for*  
*things, makes us often mistake;*  
*and Love is always ingenious in*  
*giving us trouble, the Art*  
*knowing Hearts by the motions of*  
*of the Face, is not the most cer-*  
*tain in the world; and the most*  
*able have been sometimes therein*  
*deceived.* She had time to make  
 all these Reflections, although  
 she was in Company; the  
 mind goes much faster than  
 the Sences; and there being a  
 great

great many Persons concerned in the Conversation, it did not languish for some moments of thoughtfulness or absence of mind of the Queens. *Ab Heavens ! it is but too true, renewed* she sometime after, *having surprized the mutual looks of the Princess, and of the Count, what do I here? I only serve for a witness of the happiness of their Hearts.* Where upon she rose of a sudden, Saluting and taking leave of the Princess, she took the pretext of going to Mass ; but in truth it was to carry with her the Count, to whom she gave her Hand to Conduct her, while that the Marquess and the Count *Palatine* were retired into a Cabinet to discourse in particular about some affairs. It was a cruel Honour to *Gaspard de Saluces*, that the Queen did



did him, because knowing how to make use of occasions better than any man, he would not have failed in that, to have entertained the Princess, whom he would have found almost alone, by the Queens Absence. He was however to dissemble that little displeasure, by so much the more sensible, that he left behind him the Count *Palatine*, whom he considered as the most dangerous of all his Rivals. *Briseida* was as little pleas'd as he with the Queen, whose Action, besides the jealousy it gave her, did not seem to her according to the Rules ; because it was for the Marquess her Father, to have rendred her that devoir, whom she might have waited for a moment. But the Impatient Queen had only followed the only motions of her Heart,

Heart, which at that time did not permit her to regulate her self according to the forms of the World.

What good meen soever the Count *de Saluces* put on, she had at first took notice, she had made him no Compliment in drawing him from the Princess ; I well see, My Lord, said she to him smiling, I do you a diskindness. In what, Madam, answered her the Count at the same time ? much surprized she had divined so rightly what he had in his Soul: is it not, because the Grace you do me will make several jealous, and procure me Envyers ? You do not esteem perhaps enough, replied she, that Grace, to fear it will have that effect. The most Ambitious of all men, replied the Count, would place it above all he could

could desire ; and you would have a very ill opinion of me, Madam, if you should believe—— I will believe, interrupted she him, all that you will but tell me seriously, if it will make amends for the pleasure, I should have done you in leaving you with the Princess. I ask your Pardon, Madam, answered the Count with a confused Air, if I say, I know not what you mean. Ah! Count, replied she sighing, I perceive, I proceed farther than you would have me ; and that you do not judge me capable of being in that your Confident. You are in the right, pursued she, and I assure you, I am less fit for that with you, than with any person in the World : The Rank you hold in the World, Madam, answered the Count, does not suf-

suffer any one soever to treat you after that manner; but though you were a person as others, what Confidence could a man make you, that has been here but two days; and who had never any other passion, than what honour inspires. There needs so little time, replied the Queen with a languishing tone, to change the affairs of a heart, that I know people who came since you to *Cazal*, and yet find themselves perhaps worse. And for honour, continued she, I am certain it is of no force against Love. *Gaspar de Saluces* was going to repartee to this, and perhaps would have acquitted himself but ill; but to his good Fortune, the Marquess and the Count *Palatine*, who had had notice, that the Queen was going to *Mals*, joyned her at the same

E                      time,

time, and accompanied her to the Palace-Chappel ; where during the Devotion, *Gaspard de Saluces* did nothing but think of what the Queen had said to him. He was extreamly surprized ; and knew not after having examined all the discourse, what interest the Queen should take in his Sentiments, to oblige her to take the pains, as she had done, to discover them. He perceived there was more than curiosity in it ; but he was not vain enough to believe, she had been thereto incited by any motion of jealousy, or by any interest of Love.

Those people who have the most merit, are usually those who flatter themselves the least. Not but that the Count was so clear sighted, as to observe that the Queen treated him a little better

better than the others ; that she considered him, that she might have some particular esteem for him, which managed with a little care on his part, might one day procure kindness ; but it was a perfidy he would not think of ; having no design to take care, but only to merit the esteem of *Briseida* : Yet as it was something very glorious, the having some part in the mind and in the favour of so Great and of so Fair a Queen : He could not hinder his mind from being sometimes possess'd with those thoughts. What would there be in it contrary, said he then, to the Sentiments I owe the Princess, if the Queen of *Sicily* had some little esteem for me, and I a great deal of respect for her : She is a person above all I can pretend to ; My heart is

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wholly



wholly *Briseida's*, and there is no danger of the least Treachery. A more perfect Lover, or at least a Lover better instructed in the Maxims of Love, (for he already loved the Princess, as much as one could love,) would have been scrupulous, only to wish that the Queen esteemed him; and would never have bethought himself to render her greater respects, than those that were due: But he was a Novice, who fancied that to be all in Flames for the object he loved, was all he had to do.

The Devotion ended: Yet the Queen being still accompanied by the Marquess and the *Palatine*, she was hindered from renewing the discourse she had begun with the Count *de Saluce*: They conducted her to her Apartment, where Dinner was brought

brought up at the same time, and served after the most sumptuous manner that is possible to be imagined; and where all the Principal Lords of that Court dined with her; as she had desired; to the end there might be the Count *de Saluces*, who could not dispense coming: She was to pass the After-noon in seeing the Palace, which was certainly a fine building; but of all the Curiosities the Pictures were of the greatest value. The Queen loved them much and understood them perfectly: And therefore stayed a long time to consider them, and discoursed of them with the Princes after a very skillful manner, knowing at the very first of whose hands they were. The Marquis who could give a better reason than the others, as being better infor-

med than any body in what concerned all those pieces, was he who maintaining the chief of the Conversation, and did not fail, when he met with some stroke of Love well represented, to make of it a particular application; at which the Queen did only laugh, as a Gallantry of old time. From the Gallery of these Pictures they went to the Garden which the Queen was desirous likewise to see; and in truth it very well deserved the being seen by so fair a Princess, for it was one of the finest Gardens of *Italy*. Thitherto the Conversation had been General, and less with the Count *de Saluces*, who was become pensive, than any body; but in the Allyes and Grottos she saw, she hoped Fortune would furnish her with occasions of finishing the discourse she had begun

gun with him in the morning :  
 But then came *Briseida*, as if it  
 had been to traverse that design.  
 She was just got out of her Bed,  
 and was glad, in keeping compa-  
 ny with the Queen the rest of the  
 day, to go walk with her : The  
 Queen received her with that  
 dissembled joy, in which Wo-  
 men excell; and judged she  
 should not have it in that Gar-  
 den, all the pleasure she had pro-  
 mised her self, or at least it would  
 be attended with a great deal of  
 vexation. The Marquis, who  
 conducted the Troop, lead them  
 towards a Fountain, that was  
 in a very agreeable place; in  
 which he had chosen to feast the  
 Queen. He helped her to walk  
 on one side, and the Count *Pa-*  
*latine* on the other; insomuch  
 that the Princess fell to the  
 Count *de Saluces* share, who did

not receive that honour without trembling, though with the greatest joy imaginable. She was in an Undress, as a person who was something indisposed; but great and true Beauties never appear better than in their naturals, and when they borrow nothing from art; they are neglects which the *Italian's* call *Artifices*,

*Le sue negligence sono le sue  
Artifici.*

There was seen in the person of the Queen a Love all glittering with pomp, filled with Flames and Darts, with which he fir'd and wounded all those that durst regard him; and in *Briseida* a tender infant which toucht, but after a delicate manner; and the poyson was by so much

much the more dangerous, in that it seem'd sweet and innocent; and that it was not mistrusted: Not but in that negligence, there was found the Pomp and Majesty there is in the Infants of Kings. But it was not this that had the greatest effect.

The Count *de Saluces*, who fancy'd to have view'd *Briseida* in her greatest Beauty the first time he had seen her, was much astonish'd with the new Charms of that day, nay his admiration pass'd astonishment, and I am not able to express the Joy with which he was transported. He lost his very sight; and sought for himself, as a man that knew not what was become of himself. There are few people, who can rightly comprehend these sorts of Extracies, at least without having been as much in Love as

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the Count *de Saluces*, and with a Beauty as that of *Briseida's*. He was sometime without speaking to her : She on her side, was much the same, and all their entertainment was made in looks, more eloquent a thousand times and more persuasive than the finest words imaginable. The Queen, who walked before, being uneasie and jealous of what passed behind her, between those two Lovers, gave very little attention to all the two Princes said to her, who had the honour to Conduct her. But it was to no purpose she listened, it was a mute Language, into which she could not penetrate : She was perceived to be in a continual agitation of mind, which made her turn her head every moment to observe them, and said in passing some words of raillery, and

and of kindness to the Princess, to engage without doubt the Count *de Saluces* to answer her. The *Palatine* little contented with this procedure, would willingly have been angry if he had durst; and suffered extreamly in the ill Figure he fancied he made. But the Marquess, who was a little more in love than he, had likewise a little more complaisance for the Queen.

They came at length to that Fountain, which was certainly a wonder of Art. There was seen a naked Man, who cast water from several parts of his body, and round him in a Basin there were Women, making several postures, in getting off their Smocks. The entertainment was composed of Musick, of a Ballad, and of a Collation, but all so gallantly and so well order-

ordered, that the Queen highly commended the Marquess, and would have been extreamly satisfied with him, if he had given her a little more liberty than he did, and have let her walk all alone, or at least with whom she pleased; for it was what she sought; but he followed her over all that Garden, with an application which fatigued her, she passionately desiring to discourse with the Count *de Saluces*, and not being able to do it, as I have said, by reason of the Marquess, she would at least hinder the Princess from having that pleasure and advantage above her, and went still to interrupt them as she saw them together.

The *Palatin*, who observed by the Queens Face, that the Marquis acted a troublesome part,

part, would not imitate him, but amused himself in laughing with *Julia*, believiug it no time lost that was spent in gaining that Maid, which might be a means to come into the Queens favour. That Charming Princels had an Air of Liberty and Gayneis, that procur'd Pardon, for what would have been Criminal in others. *Italy*, is a Country of Formalities for the actions which pass in publick, but the most dissolute in the World, for those that pass in particular. The Queen, who thought her self above all peoples talks, would not take the trouble to constrain her self; she talked, laugh'd, flattered, sometimes this, and sometimes that, and managed her self not in the least: But above all, she had a design upon the Count *de Salu-*  
ces,

ces, with whom she longed to speak in particular, if it was only to make the Princess jealous. The inseparable Marquess had two or three times made her lose an occasion ; but at length, a Labyrinth furnished her with the most favourable one imaginable. It is true, that it was requisite to be a Woman, and a Woman in Love, to find so good an one without premeditation. *Come*, said she, with a brisk Air, *there is a Labyrinth, which appears to me very proper for a Play I have imagined ; I will go hide myself in it, and the first of you three, speaking to the three Princesses, who shall find me, I will give him the Scarf I wear on my Arm.* Thereupon, without staying for their Answer, she ran to hide her self in the Labyrinth, whither the Marquess follow-

followed her presently after ; and blest'd a thousand times Love for a Play, which seemed to him, to have been only invented to render him happy : For as he had frequented the place, he did not believe that that Scarf could fall into any other hand but his ; and that he thus might, the occasion being so fair, discover his passion to the Queen.

The Count *Palatin*, in whose Heart, the inequalities of the Queen had not wholly extinguished the flame of his new passion, found his hopes revive at the proposal of that Play, in which he hoped to make better use than any body of the juncture, if he was so happy as to gain the Scarf. The Count *de Saluces*, who was only of the Party, because they engaged him, was not very hasty to do  
as



as they did. He was not willing to dispute with them that prize, having before his Eyes, all that he desired in the world, which he would not have quitted for a Scarf; nay, not for all the Queens of the Earth. The Princess made him several raileries, and told him two or three times, laughing, that if he delayed any longer, he would come too late; not but that she was extremely ravished with the little earnestness he seemed to have; but she thought her self obliged to make upon him that little War; to which he answered after a manner, that made her know the little part he took in that Play; and that he was not of it, but because he could not excuse himself from it.

The Queen expected him with the impatience of a Lover.  
That

That Labyrinth was made after a manner, that at each turn there was an Arbour so covered with boughs, that you could hardly see any light. She staid in the first she found, and had already seen the Marquis and the Count *Palatin* pass by, who run after her with an unparral-  
 lell'd Ardour. The Count *de Saluces*, whom she infinitely longed to see approach, came not. That Prince walked with a neglect, which ill answered the Queens desires. Must I, said she, looking through the branches which compos'd that Arbour, give my self to day so much pains to oblige a man who despises his own Fortune, after a manner so cruel and so shameful to me. Ah Heavens! continued she sighing, I see what *Briseida* costs me: I left him with her  
 and

and he cannot quit her ; wherefore I must go and reproach him. But what a Fool am I, renewed she a moment after, I should give her wherewith to Laugh and Triumph over me ; and if I can, I will only give her trouble and jealousy. I hate her already as my greatest Enemy ; and I know not what I should do, if I was perswaded he loved her : He will not come——In saying that, she saw him advance, but with an Action so pensive and so indifferent, that she would then have rather chose that he had not come at all ; and she begun seriously to repent of all she had done for him. Does he deserve, said she in considering that negligent Air with which he walked, not the heart which I have but too much given him, but the Scarf I prepare for him ?  
Should

Should not one say, that he would give time to his Rivals to carry it from him? How he goes! Is it Love that guides him? No, no, Cruel Consequences of the action of that Unthankful! fear nothing! You are but too true; I will not suffer myself to be longer abused by my too great passion: I perceive that he has not the least sentiment of tenderness for me; and that he thinks of nothing but *Briseida*, whom he has left against his will.

Notwithstanding she had all these reasons to be dissatisfied with the Prince, perceiving he pass'd without seeing her, though she had placed her self at the entrance of the Arbour, where she was yet she could not help calling of him. What advances for a Queen, and a heart

heart must needs be strangely seiz'd by Love, to resist so much Confusion. Count *de Saluces*, said she to him blushing, Is it thus you seek me? What do you dream of? Ah, Madam, cryed the Count, much astonished to see her, you surprize me; and I did not think my self so happy. Yes very happy, without doubt, replied the Queen; but to whom do you believe you owe this happiness? It is true, replied the Count, that it is not to Fortune, at least without I call thus the Grace you do me; which is certainly very great; and your Goodness——Yes my Goodness, interrupted she, allow one has a great deal for people that do not deserve it. I should easily, answered the Count, agree to what you say, Madam, at least in what concerns

cerns me: If I was to have deserved that goodness by my Cares and by my Services, the time having been so short since I had the honour to be known by you; but if a great desire of rendering you them by all the actions of my life, joyned with the extream respect I have already for you, might be considered as meritorious: I should not despair of one day rendring my self worthy. You might hope sooner, replied the Queen, in whom the Counts last words had something sweetned the bitterness of heart; some people are more able, continued she, than others; I know not of which number you reckon your self; but I very well know that I have done to day for you, what I never did for any body. Nothing could be said more obliging, and words so advantageous from the  
mouth



mouth of so fair a Queen ought to make some impression upon the Spirit of the Count ; but the time was too short, since he had quitted *Briseida* ; yet his action had something so passionate, since he was fallen in Love with the Princess, that his least word seemed to be full of Love. Thus the Queen who could not so well penetrate into the bottom of his Heart, entertained some hopes, and was contented with this tender out-side. How easy it is to deceive our selves? when one loves, one gives a favourable interpretation to the least appearances, and one takes all for kindness. That Charming Queen contented with those of the Count, gave him her Scarf: but after the most gallant manner possible, and would needs tye it her self on his Arm. The  
Mar-

Marquis and the Count *Palatin*, run at the noise there was made in the Arbour, and came both there almost at the same time, and found the Queen tying the Scarf on the happy Count *de Saluces*. The Marquis could not see the Fortune of his Rival without conceiving a cruel jealousy; but the Count *Palatin*, more malicious, and naturally more mistrustful, immediately guessed into the truth of the adventure, extremely vexed to see that the Count *de Saluces* every where triumphed over him.

The Queen was not at all confounded at their sight, and preventing what they might say; you see, My Lords, said she to them, I am true to my promise, and that it is not to no purpose that one has taken pains to seek me. We see  
it

it very well, Madam, answered the *Palatin* ; and what is more, that one needs not, when you please, go very far to find you. They are the usual hits of Fortune, replied the Queen, who quickly comprehended what he meant : and if made us buy what it gives us, we should be but little obliged to it for its presents. One attributes sometimes to Fortune, replied the Count, favours which do not belong to it : Yet it is true, continued he with something of sweetness, that it would be more easie to comfort ones self for having failed on that side, than of the other which I imagine. The Queen who perceived whither these words tended, had no mind to answer him ; but turning towards the Marquis,

quefs, whom ſhe ſaw penſive and melancholly, ſhe gave him her hand with a ſmile, which was ſome comfort to him in his miſfortune; and they went all together out of that Labyrinth.

*Brifeida* amused her ſelf during that time with gathering Flowers in a plot, of which ſhe made a Noſegay for the Count *de Saluces*. It was a gallantry, ſhe thought her ſelf indebted to him, after the trouble he had ſhewed to quit her to run after another; which obligation ſhe was reſolved to repay. But what a vexation and what a ſurprize was her, to ſee him return with the Queens Scarf! She bluſhed, and her jealouſie then excited ſo great a diſorder in her Soul, that it almoſt ruin'd all that Love had there advanced. *I am played upon,* ſaid ſhe,  
F the

*the Traytor abuses me by his Actions and by his looks ; he had reason not to be in haste ; the Queen bid given him the word ; and he very well knew where she was, otherwise he would not have found her so soon.*

Yet to render Justice to the Count, there was seen in his Face, and by the air with which he carried the Scarf, the joy he had. The Princess notwithstanding all her anger, observed it ; and to tell the truth, that manner of indifference, too visible in the Count, was a great succour to her heart. But the Queen, who had that time prepared her self to observe her, had no sooner seen her change Colour, than that she was assured of her tender sentiments for that Prince ; and therefore considering her as her declared Rival,

val, she took pleasure in augmenting her trouble. You see, Madam, said she to her, with an air of raillery, that the Count *de Sauces* is a lucky man, he was the last that run after me to seek me; and yet is the most fortunate. That happens sometimes, the Princess answered her smiling; but I know not from whence it comes, that he appears not very proud of so fair a Fortune; for he seems not to have the more joy. The Queen had remarked it as well as the Princess, for the Love of whom she believed the Count affected that Coldness. She would willingly have seen, what he would have answered to that himself, but finding he did not speak, not to rem in with out an answer: I am, said she, regarding him with an obliging air,

so



so content, with what he said to me thereupon in particular, that I willingly pardon him the moderation he shews in publick. Discreet people, continued she, are used to do thus. It is to be very much, replied the Princess, and perhaps a little more than ought. *Briseida* in that little dispute she had with the Queen, doing the business of the two amorous and discontented Princes, they did not interrupt her; nay they desired that the discourse might have proceeded; but I believe neither the one nor the other found pleasure in it, and therefore had no desire to pursue it.

They went out of the Garden in the same order they walked thither; that is to say, the Marquis and the Count *Palatin* led the Queen, and *Caspar de Salu-*

*saluces* the Princess ; this last resolving to make better use of his happiness, than he had done in the beginning of the walk, especially seeing the occasion was going to escape him, asked the Princess, for whom she had prepared that fine Nosegay he saw in her hands ? It was for yourself, answered she him, if you had been less happy than you are. I am on the contrary, replied the Count, the most unhappy of all men, not to have merited it, since you designed it me. Is it not enough, replied she smiling, to have a Scarf ? It would be too great a fortune in one day. That Fortune, Madam, replied the Count, has not been favourable to me : it in giving me a Scarf, it deprives me of a present which comes from you, What ! said the  
 Prin:

Princess, prefer some silly flowers which wither in a day, before a favour, as that, which comes from the hand of a Queen; Count, you are not sincere. Or rather, replied he, I am not interested enough, to suffer my self to be tempted by the richness of a present; and if things are only to be valued, as one esteems them; I am sure I lose in this occasion; and not to leave any thing for you to guess thereupon, added the Count blushing, I assure you, I would have given a thousand Scarfs, such as this, for one Flower of that Nofegay. It is too much, my Lord, said the Princess to him, ravished with Joy to hear him speak after that manner, and one would gain well by you; if one would believe you; But continued she, giving him  
the

the Nofegay, one ought to be as generous as you are difintereffed ; and fince you have fo much kindnefs for Flowers, I will make you a prefent of thefe.

The Queen, who continually turned her head on their fide, no fooner faw the Nofegay pafs into the hands of the Count *de Saluces*, but to revenge her felf on the Princefs, Well, Madam, faid ſhe to her, had I not reafon to fay, that the Count *de Saluces* is a lucky man to day. I ſhould perhaps have fancied fo, Madam, answered *Brifeida*, if I could have made him as rich a prefent as yours : But what paffes in two or three hours cannot make the fortune of fuch a man as he. Whereupon begun a new difpute, in which the Marquis and Count *Palatin*

to oblige the Queen; were of her side, and the Count *de Saluces*, who was obliged by honour, if he had not been by Love, to take the Princesses part, maintained it so agreeably and with so much Wit, that they were the strongest. *Julia*, since the inclination her Mistress had taken for that Prince, studying him in all his actions, was not put to much trouble to remark that he did not answer the tender sentiments she had for him. She was extremely vexed, and would have tore from him that heart, he so unjustly possessed; Yet she resolved not to say any thing to the Queen, because it would rather prove mortal, than cure her. We are never willing to be undeceived of the errors of our hearts; but she designed to disabuse her by little and little. It was a return very difficult,

difficult, and the Queen more passionate than ever, for that ungrateful man, would not so much as suffer, her to speak of him without it was to take his part Lovers must be always flatter'd in what they Love, otherwise they are not pleased.

The Charming Queen of *Sicily* was desirous on the Contrary that *Julia* should be so Complaisant as to deceive her, as she deceived her self; and that she might make her believe, that she was beloved by the Count *de Saluces* as she loved him, in the recital she made her of what passed in the Labyrinth; she formed the most agreeable adventure imaginable, and made that Count say to her a thousand obliging things he had not said Assurances and Oaths he had not thought of motions of



Fear and Passi on he had not had :  
 All which only rais'd *Julia's* pi-  
 ty, she knowing the Contrary  
 of all the susceptible Queen told  
 her, and that the Count might  
 have had a great deal of respect,  
 and that he might shew her as  
 much of esteem, but that he  
 was not sensible of the least in-  
 clination for her. The day af-  
 ter there was a great Ball, and  
 the Count *de Saluces*, who be-  
 gun to perceive, that the Mar-  
 quess and *Palatin* were jealous of  
 him, and in love with the Queen,  
 had a mind to divert himself to  
 their Costs, and to vapour that  
 Evening with his fine Scarf. Ne-  
 ver favour caused so many bu-  
 stles as that : The Marquis was  
 not able to see the Count *de Sa-  
 luces* without being jealous ;  
 but his Daughter was much  
 more cruelly troubled. She be-  
 lieved

lieved that if the Count *de Salu-*  
*ces* had so little valued that  
 Scarf, he would not have made  
 a show with it that day. There  
 was only the *Palatin* who floting  
 between the inclination he had  
 for the Princess, and that he be-  
 gun to have for the Queen, that  
 is to say loving nothing, was  
 not extreamly troubled, only his  
 presumption gave him some vex-  
 ation at the vanity of his Rival;  
 but having observed some alte-  
 ration in the Eyes of the Mar-  
 quis, he went to him and told  
 him in his Ear, that they had  
 been both foold by the Queen;  
 that she had had a desire to fa-  
 vour the Count *de Saluces*; and  
 that they had served for a pre-  
 text to her giving him the Scarf.  
 If I could believe what you say,  
 answered the Marquis, in whose  
 Soul these words had destroyed,  
 the

the little reason there was left, I believe the Gallant would not long enjoy his good Fortune in my sight. Take the pains, pursued the *Palatin*, to observe them, and you will see the Intelligence there is between them. Once more, added he, seeing what he had said made him pensive, that Scarf was destin'd before it was given, and it was to much purpose we run for it. The Marquis remained some time without speaking, and I believe the Reflections he then made, were cruel Reflections for his heart. He already lov'd the Queen more than one could love; and he thought himself played upon by a young man who apparently was his Rival. He was ready to show his jealous resentment, but he could not without bringing upon himself all the trouble. especially with a Queen. who when necessary knew how to make her self

self considered as such ; and who would have laugh'd at him for it. In fine after many thoughts and designs which pass'd about this in his mind, taking a resolution, he told the Count *Palatin* that he would hear the Queen upon it, and afterwards take such measures as were requisite, and that he was going to mask himself to do it with the more liberty.

The Count let him go, being ravish'd in his Soul to have given an occasion of breaking between his two Rivals, to have the better share on his side. With the Ardour the Marquis went from the Ball, he could not long delay his Return to accomplish his design. He appeared dress'd after the Turkish Mode : His Shape made him immediately be known. He board'd the Queen, who fell a laughing, and ask'd him, what news from *Constantinople* ?

*noble?* That the choice, *Madam*, answered he softly in her Ear, you have made at *Cazil* is something unworthy of you, and that the Count *de Saluces* is all the care of the fair *Queen of Sicily*. That answer checked, and made her blush. What is that news, replied she, after some effort, gone already so far? I had hoped, continued she, to have obliged the Marquis of *Montferrat*, in making use of him in so agreeable a confidence; but since it is no longer a secret, I shall not conceal it from any body: And to perfect the railery, she called, without giving him time to answer, the Count *de Saluces*, who approaching: Speak to that *Turk*, Count, said she to him in quitting that place he has news to tell you, which perhaps will surprize you,

and

and you will see that you are not unhappy at *Cazal*. The Count fell a laughing. He knew not the business; but approaching the Marquis, whom he had discovered as the others; Mask, said he, if it be true what I am just told, I shall be infinitely obliged to you: For there is no pleasure in being happy without knowing it. But the Marquis outraged to the very heart, at the Queens manner of treating him, retired without answering him, and went to unmask.

At his return he found the Ball was ended, and that the Queen was retired, as likewise the Princess. He was surprized, for it was not yet late, but the *Palatin* came very conveniently to tell him the Reason. Well, My Lord, said the Count to him laughing, what do you think



think? The Queen——Ah! talk not to me of her, interrupted he, she's the blindest Princess under the Heavens, and I am the most unhappy of all men. But tell me, continued he, how comes it they are retired from the Ball so soon? It was the Queen, my Lord, answered the *Palatin*; the cause of which you know better than I. She was the first that went away; and not to disguise any thing to you, I fancy it was for the love of the Count *de Saluces*, whom she, I do not say led but drew away with her, because in truth he seem'd to go against his will; you will find them still together in her Chamber. This was perfectly mortal to the poor Marquis; he sigh'd two or three times out of despair he lifted up his Eyes to Heaven, and of a sudden quitting

ting the Count, he run to the Queens Apartment.

They may say what they will of young people when they are in love, they are no extravagancies like those of an old man, who pretends to an art which passes his Age. That of loving is only made for Youth, and when Love engages those grizled Beards, he makes them act parts which appear by so much the more extraordinary, in that they act contrary to the Wisdom that is expected from them. The Marquis was as different from himself, since his being in Love, as he was before different from all men. There was no more of that moderation he had for all things, that staid and serious Air, that smiling meen to all the World ; how Love changes people ! He was become pensive,  
out

out of humour, melancholly, impatient, having no joy, but when he was with the Queen, so prompt, so violent in all he ordered that it was difficult to serve and content him. But to return to the Queen, who finding her self offended with what that Prince had said to her, to render the railery the better on her side, would be the first to make it publick, and turning towards the Princess, who longed extreamly to know what pass'd between her and the Marquis her Father, and why the Count *de Saluces* had been called : By what I see, Madam, said she to her aloud, and laughing out of Contempt, we are here in a Court, where Consequences are drawn from all things; nay, and maliciously, for having given yesterday a Scarf to the Count *de Saluces*,  
they

they consider me to day as his  
 Mistress: And you Madam,  
 added she, who gave him a  
 Negligy, will you be nothing  
 to him? It is not for me, Madam,  
 answered the Princess smiling,  
 to pretend any thing after you.  
 You quit him entirely to me  
 then, replied the Queen? I have  
 so little part in him, said *Briecida*,  
 that I may with ease tell you  
 that I leave him to you entirely.  
 It is enough, replied the Queen,  
 and turning towards the Count,  
 who might have heard all they  
 had said upon his Chapter: You  
 are then wholly mine, said she  
 to him, at least if you will not  
 give the lye to people very pene-  
 trating, and who believe they  
 certainly know it. Come, con-  
 tinued she, without giving him  
 time to answer, bring me to my  
 Chamber, and there we will see

to agree on the Conditions.

All this rillery pass'd with so free and so gay an Air, which was particularly natural to that Charming Prince, that there was no body but believ'd it to be meer Drollery. But the Count *de Saluces* had like to have spoil'd all; because at the same time he was going to obey her, *Briseida* lookt upon him after a manner that made him know the Queens jesting did not please her, and rendered him almost unmoveable, without knowing what he should do. The Queen a little surprized in that he stop'd, saw that he had his Eyes fix'd upon the Prince, and that it was that which retain'd him. What vexation! she trembled for fear the affront would fall upon her, and using her utmost effort, I find my self indisposed, my Lord, said she to him

him blushing, take the pains to Conduct me to my Chamber. He had no way then to excuse himself. However the Princess was displeased with him, and retiring to her Apartment, she passed part of the night in complaining of him, and in crying, as if there had happened to her some great misfortune.

The too happy Count had hardly conducted the Queen into her Chamber, when making use of the same pretext she had done, would have retired for fear of incommoding her, since she found her self ill. She fell a laughing, which was enough to make him comprehend the Subject of her illness; but *Gaspard de Saluces* not pretending to too much understanding in that occasion, and having only *Briseida* in his Head, to whom he longed to



to return p<sup>r</sup>ince his first design,  
 when the Q<sup>ue</sup>n, on her Counte-  
 nance with a procedure to un-  
 g<sup>i</sup>llant, told him busying, that  
 her indisposition was over, that  
 she had something to say to him,  
 and that she would tell him  
 when it was time to retire. Af-  
 ter that silence reign'd some time  
 between them, apparently both  
 much perplexed, but the Q<sup>ue</sup>n  
 was much more to be pitied,  
 and those who can imagine what  
 a Woman suffers that loves and  
 who has as much honour and  
 glory as a Q<sup>ue</sup>n, and yet finds  
 her self reduced to that Estate,  
 would find it very difficult to de-  
 scribe it well. She spake at  
 length, but without looking on  
 him I'magine much to augment,  
 said she to him, the reports which  
 people, perhaps something inter-  
 rested, spread abroad of you and  
 of

of me. As you are not, Madam, answered the Count *à Salutes*, to give an account to any body of what you do, I cannot believe there are people so bold as to dare to censure you. May one, replied the Queen, rely thereon? One may certainly, replied he, with a man who knows as well as I do what we owe, Madam, to so great a Queen as you. It is true, said she, with a man so indifferent as you are, it is ill done to talk as one does. Ah! for indifferent, Madam, answered the Count, I can say that I am not: But——No, interrupted the Queen, You are only to tell me; and I am sure one will never say of you, what they say of the Queen *officially*. She blushed in finishing these words, and for fear her disorder should be observed by the Count, she rose, and

and retiring into her Cabinet; You may, continued she, go: I have said enough, and perhaps more than I ought to have said. What was now become of the Count *de Saluces* Wit, at other times so gallant and so proper for all things? it appeared in this Conjunction, when he had the most occasion for it, so new and so childish, that it was hardly to have been pardoned had it not been for the love of *Briseida*. That innocent Hero obeyed the Queen, who had no desire he should obey her, and returned to the Ball; where perfectly to confound him, and to make him desperate, he found not the Princess, who was the cause of that sad fault he had committed.

*Julia* seeing him depart, entered the Chamber to know the news

news of that little interview. She found the Queen in her Cabinet lying upon a Couch; Who sigh'd as soon as she saw her: Come, *Julia*, said she, come comfort me for the choice I have made of the poorest Gallant that ever was in the World. Wouldst thou have said it by his mean? One must say all to him, and likewise answer all for him. My God! how innocent he is, I fancy he has never been in Love. Perhaps, Madam, answered the Complaisant *Julia*, respect retains him; and that he's afraid: What is it thou sayest, interrupted the Queen, that he's afraid? Can the bravest of all men want heart, or at least Wit, near a pretty Woman? As they were entertaining themselves after that manner, they saw the Marquis's approach. The Queen immediately

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immediately bid *Julia* hide her self,  
 to be witness of their Conversation,  
 because after what had passed at the Ball,  
 it could not but have something very rare.  
 The Marquis, who at a distance had  
 seen *Julia's* shadow, and being prepos-  
 sessed with what the Count *Palatin*  
 had just told him, fancied, it was  
*Gaspard de Saluces*, who by reason of  
 him hid himself; and stopping at the  
 Cabinet Door; Apparently, Madam,  
 said he to her with a disordered Air,  
 you took no great pleasure in  
 the Ball? No, without doubt,  
 my Lord, answered the Queen  
 very coldly, I there found my  
 self incommoded, and came to  
 seek repose here. A man as I  
 am, replied the Marquis, may per-  
 haps interrupt it. Any man  
 would at this time, replied the  
 Queen, but being in your House,

it is not for me to order any thing. You are Queen, Madam, and as much Mistress in my House, as if you were in the middle of your own Dominions : Wherefore that Reason ought not to make me excepted : But, Madam, pursued he, the Civil permission you give me, does it only regard you ? I should retire without pain if I could persuade my self that ; but as it is to favour another, you will pardon me, if you please, if you must tell it me, more than once, if you will be obeyed. The Queen did not at first comprehend the sence of these words ; but having made Reflection that the Marquis might have seen *Julia*, and have took her for another : She had a mind to make him explain, to see which of the two were deceived ; and still pursuing



the same point ; My Lord, said she to him, I know not what you mean, but once more I find my self ill ; you are a Prince Gallant and discreet ; and I must confess a longer discourse would incommode me. It is then a discourse, replied the jealous Marquis, with a Prince gallant and discreet, as I am ; but not with him who hid himself behind your Couch at my arrival. The Queen could not here hold from laughing, which made him quite desperate, and not knowing what Countenance to hold in the rage his jealousy put him in, he was going to retire, but she who had too much interest to clear this mystery, and to draw him out of errour, prayed him to stay, and not yet changing the tone of her voice, is any one hid here, said she, who is so dear

dear to me, as you? tell who——  
 Yes, yes, Madam, interrupted  
 He, I have Eyes, and the Count  
*de Saluces* is what you want,  
 for any other than him you are  
 incommoded. Here is more  
 news from *Constantinople*, reply-  
 ed the Queen: But do you  
 know, my Lord, pursued she,  
 with an Air a little more serious,  
 that one is tired in the end, with  
 all these news? Thereupon she  
 made *Julia* come out, and put  
 the poor Marquis into so great a  
 Confusion, that notwithstanding  
 all the disobliging things  
 she said, to be revenged on him,  
 he had not one word to Answer.  
 It is true, he did not mer-  
 rit to be better treated, and his  
 passion had done him a very ill  
 Service. The Conclusion of all  
 that affair was, That the Queen  
 being transported with her Resentment,

told him that she would leave his Country, and depart the day after from *Cazal* ; not pretending to be come into a Court where she was to give an account of her Conduct to any body, or to be examined so strictly. She only pray'd him, for the Honour of both, that all things might be in order ; to the end the cause of her retreat might not be perceived ; and that her departure as well as her Arrival, might be in the Pomp, and with the Honours that are requisite.

The unhappy Marquis retired into his apartment, loaded with all the poysons that the like mistake was capable of making a man of his humour swallow, but the most Cruel of all was the Queens Resolution, it was that which was almost Fatal to him, and drew from him Tears, which  
he

he had not shed in more than thirty years. Yet when he came to make Reflection on the Scarf she had given to the Count *de Saluces*, and of the favourable manner with which she treated him in the Eyes of all his Court, he wanted little of being Comforted for this departure: Nay, he almost desired it. Is it possible, said he then, that so great and so fair a Queen forgets her self to that point, that she manages her self so little, that she favours a young Prince, who perhaps goes only to her, because she descends to him, and that on the contrary, she contemns those who esteem her most and for whom it would be no stain to her Glory to have all that kindness. It is thus, those old Masters of the Art Dogmatize; and thus it is they Condemn their  
Mi-

Mistresses, they look upon as Criminal all that is not for them, the Rule is only made for others. At the Age the Marquis was of he might give Lessons; but those came from too ill a Principle; and it was jealousy inspired him with them: Yet they so well fortified him in the design of letting the Queen depart, if she absolutely resolv'd on it, that being the last thought he had, after having had all the Night a thousand of several fashions, he ro'e, and in that Resolution he writ this Ticket to the Queen, which he sent to her by one of his Gentlemen.

*I am the most unhappy of all men, Madam, in having displeas'd you; but more unhappy a thousand times since you will not pardon me. You are resolv'd to depart,*

depart, and to bring a Prince into despair. I say nothing to you thereupon; but since you take so much pleasure, in treating so cruelly those who love you, Madam, you must be suffered to have your will. The Gentleman who delivers you this Letter is to receive your Commands, and you have only to order whither you desire to go.

Lewis de Montferrat.

The Queen was but just awake when they brought her this Note. It was not very much her design to depart: A thousand reasons of heart, as well as of the world opposed it. She had not given a Rendezvous to the Duke of Savoy, her Brother, who was daily expected; to change so soon without reasons of Consequence, it



would have caused reports; and the *Italians*, who are a people the most speculative of the World, and who reason upon all, would have given divers interpretations to this departure. In so much that she who wanted neither Wit nor Judgment, having considered the Consequences of such a going away, had no mind to it, though the Marquis seem'd to prompt her to it. She easily guessed, that it was the effect of an amorous vexation, which would last no longer than she was willing; and that the least of her looks would change it into a very violent passion. She would however still dissemble, and made answer to that Gentleman, that within three hours she would be ready to depart; and that in the mean time the Marquis his Master

might come to see her, to whom she would tell whither she had a design to go.

As the motions of jealousy are the most violent, they likewise pass away the soonest; and repentances which always follow them, come after, to torment a poor Lover; but it is sometimes too late that one repents. The Marquis *de Montserrat* had hardly sent that Note to the Queen, than that he would have recalled his Gentleman to have made another. He could not wait, without trembling, for the answer she would make him; and he accused himself of precipitation which would cost him his Life. Lovers, in the Condition this found himself, are thus subject to irresolutions, which cause them a thousand pains. They sometimes desire one thing, and then

then again another. Vexation and Jealousie inspire Designs into their minds, that Love destroys with a return of kindness; and yet it is Love which is the Author of that jealousy and of that vexation. Thus one may say, That it is he which does and undoes the same thing according as he pleases, or that he likes it. The mind which is usually more proud than Amorous, will sometimes push its Idea to the end, especially when it concerns Glory; but the Heart more tender than the Mind, having more inclination for Love than for Noise, will not always follow it, and it is from thence those Combats arise, they have so often together.

At length the Gentleman came, and rendered an account  
to

to his Prince of the Commission he had given him, and of the Queens desire. What the Queen, cryed the frighted Marquis, is then resolved to depart, and without staying any longer to make useless questions, he ran to the Queens Apartment, where falling upon his Knees by her Bed-side, in which she still was, He begged of her, after so transported a manner, that she would yet stay some days in his Court, that she believed, that he was downright in Love with her ; which made her pity him. She was a very good natur'd Princess, and who never knew how to hate any Body. She pardon-ed him : The Peace was made, in Confirmation of which she gave him her hand to kiss, which he took with an unparallelled Joy, so Charmed with that favour,  
that

that he could not express his sentiments, but by transports.

In the mean time as all that preparation of Coaches and Horses had made a noise at the Court, and that every Body expected to know, for whom it was; the Queen, not to give occasion to the talkers of News to reason thereupon, thought good, it being a fine day, to imploy it in Hunting: Insomuch, that the Marquis went to give Orders for what was yet necessary. *Julia*, who went halfs in in all that hapned of good or ill to her Mistress, had quickly her part of the last Scene which passed with the Marquis, of which the Queen made her a pleasant History. After that she would prepare her self for hunting; but she confessed to *Julia*, as Childist as the Count *de Saluces* was,  
 she.

she should have but little diversion if he was not there, as it was to be feared ; because apparently the Marquis would not take care to give him notice. *Julia* took upon her self to engage him to be of the Party. One does a great many things to please a Mistress one loves extremely.

The poor Count had not rested all the night. That Nosegay of Flowers he had received from the Princess, had not filled him with so much joy, as the regards she had glanced on him, when he conducted the Queen to her Chamber, had frozen his Soul with fear ; and as he had hoped to settle all right by a quick return ; he was severely punished in not finding her still at the Ball. He retired to his Lodging mortally afflicted ; and casting



fling himself upon the Bed, he  
 passed the Night without suf-  
 fering himself to be undrest,  
 having *Briseida* always before his  
 Eyes ; and likewise sometimes  
 the Queen. He could no longer  
 doubt of the esteem the Queen  
 had for him: So many goodnes-  
 ses had shown it enough to him ;  
 and as it was not for a young  
 man as he to be cruel to a Person  
 of that Rank, and of that Beauty,  
 he was in a deadly Confusion,  
 when he thought of the manner  
 so ungallant, with which he went  
 from her that Evening. What  
 will she say of me, said he to  
 himself ; for whom shall I pass ?  
 Will she excuse me for the love  
 of *Briseida* ? No, no, I do not  
 meritt she should have so much  
 indulgence for me ; and I believe  
 she now hates me, as much as she  
 before esteemed me ; is this bree-  
 ding ?

ding ? She made it apparent that she had no mind I should quit her, and I have done ill in doing it ; though she had commanded me. I ought to have followed her into her Cabinet, there to have entertained her some moments, and have done what at other times I should for Women much below, and of a much less Beauty, than that of that Charming Queen : Must the Love I have for *Briseida* render me the most ridiculous of all men ? As it will render me perhaps the most unhappy. Ah too lovely Princess, cryed he thereupon, in making a stop by a kind of reflection, why cannot you love me, as I love you, or why cannot I love elsewhere, as perhaps I am beloved ?

With what passion soever a heart is engaged, there are certain-

tain moments wherein one takes pleasure to think one is beloved; especially when it is by some Subject that deserves thinking on, as was the Queen of *Sicily*, and if once a certain vanity thereon gets the upperhand of us, it is very difficult to be quit of it. It is almost as strong as an inclination, and causes as great effects. The Count *de saluces* was wholly *Briseid*'s. There was not in his Soul the least design of infidelity; but as one is not always Master of ones thoughts; he could not keep himself from some small return, when he thought of the Complaisances so fair a Queen had for him; and if that is called perfidy, it must be allowed me, that it is of those that the least repentance may procure to be pardoned; and which never deserves

erves Death. It extreamly im-  
 ported him, that no body  
 should perceive the passion he  
 had for the Princess, which  
 the Marquis, who begun to have  
 but little kindness for him, would  
 without doubt have opposed, not  
 only because of the inequality of  
 Parties; but because other Prin-  
 ces pretended to it, who were  
 much above him. Insomuch  
 that that reason and several o-  
 thers more, obliging him to  
 keep his love secret, he thought  
 that an amusement with the  
 Queen, since she already offered  
 it, might be of great use to him.  
 But it was an affair very nice,  
 and to which *Briseida* apparent-  
 ly did not have agreed. The  
 Queen of *Sicily* was not a per-  
 son made after a manner to  
 serve purely for a pretext, and  
 the Mistress who had trusted to  
 it

it, would have been abused without doubt: It was not a proposition to be made to a Maid of wit as *Briseida*. It is true that the Count was not yet come to that, he had hardly made her know by his actions and by his looks that he loved her. But in *Italy*, where they have not so many means of explaining themselves as in other places, all speaks, and looks make more way than in any place of the World, nay and sometimes conclude. Yet as one is often deceived in their truth, they do not always rely on them; and they have need to explain themselves otherways to be well understood. *Gaspard de Saluces* passionately longed to come to that, to be able afterwards to act in concert with the Princess, and to make use of the Queen, as she should

should judge it convenient. The beginnings of esteem he had already received from the Princess, flattered him with some success; and fortifying himself thereupon the rest of the Night, by many amorous reasons; for it is easie to persuade ones self what one desires; he got up in the morning with the design of seeking an occasion to see her, and speak to her; when this Letter was brought him.

*More Care is taken of you than you merit; perhaps if you deserv'd it, one should not be put to so much trouble. But with such as you nothing is of Consequence. All are going to hunt, prepare your self to be of the Party, for it is desired you be there; and without troubling your Head to divine from whom these Notices can come,*

*con-*



*content your self with knowing that it is from one of the most lovely Persons of the world, who would have a great deal of esteem for you, if you knew better how to value such an esteem as hers.*

It was *Julia* who writ to him this Letter upon the Queens account. He read it again and again, several times ; he sent for him, who had brought it, who was a Footman without Livery, to know to whom he belonged ; but seeing that his pains were useless, he did not press him any more ; but made this answer to that Ticket.

*I know not whether I have much merited the honour, or the reproaches that are made me ; but I am full of Confusion ; and there*

there are but very few things I would not do, to repair the one and to render my self worthy of the other. It is not to be doubted but that I will be of that party; and if there be means to justify my self, of what I am accused, I shall be extremely obliged to those, who will shew me the persons, to whom I have failed; and perhaps what shall be done for me in the future will take other Motives, than the little Consequences it maybe of; I was never to my remembrance, reduced to that extremity: I hope to correct my self, and to give a better Opinion of me, than is bad at present.

This shows that the Count answered well enough to the gallantry that was made him. He fancied it came by order of the Queen; for there was only  
 she

she in that Court, who could  
 cause him to be writ to after  
 that manner, and he was wil-  
 ling in some manner to repair the  
 ill Figure he had made the night  
 before, of which one had but  
 too much reason to make him  
 reproaches. In the mean time  
 the Hunting seem'd to favour  
 him, in the design he had to en-  
 tertain the Princess with the af-  
 fairs of his heart; but as he  
 was mounting his Horse, he  
 was told she would not be there,  
 and that she was indisposed.  
 What a despair for this Prince;  
 he took this unfortunate disap-  
 pointment, as a deadly Omen  
 to his Love; and that he should  
 succeed in nothing; and with-  
 out troubling himself with what  
 he had writ, he returned to his  
 Chamber, where he walked a  
 long time, thinking what Reso-  
 lution

lution he should take; for he long'd to speak that day to the Princeſſe; his Gentleman of the Horſe, who was an old *French* Domeſtick, growing impatient with expecting him, would go ſee what hindred him from following the Queen, who was departed with all the Court an hour before. He found him in the poſture of a man, who raved, all ſad, all penſive, at which he was much aſtoniſhed; for this was very new to the Count *de Saluces*. He knew not what to ſay to him; but the Count, who ſaw him troubled without doubt at the Condition in which he found him, and having occaſion for him, knowing his experience of the affairs of the World, was willing to truſt him with his ſecret, and to tell him the pain in which he was.

H      *Richard,*

*Richard*, thus was the Gentleman of the Horse called, after having seriously listened to his Master, told him, that he did not find he had so much reason to be afflicted, though he should not speak that to the Princess; and that if he would write to her, he assured him that he would himself deliver the Letter. The Count believed, in the impatience he was, that it was the shortest and easiest for him; and relying upon the address of *Richard*, in a time the Conjunction was so fair, that all the Court was abroad, he was willing to hazard a Declaration by Writing; which he made in these terms.

*If a Man, Madam, who should dare to love you, and to tell it you, deserves Death, I ought not to hope*

hope for your pardon; for never any body was so guilty as I, of a Crime so Charming. I know all, and have considered all, and a thousand reasons forbid me such a piece of boldness, but my heart has not listened to them; and Love more strong than all the reasons of the world, has took so great an Empire over it; that should it dye a thousand Deaths, it would not unsay it. Order thereupon, Madam, what you shall think fit; if you please, it shall dye, that bold Heart, but it is not possible for it to cease to Love you as long as it shall have one moment of Life.

*The Count de Saluces.*

This Letter finished, Richard took it, and prayed his Master to rely on him for the Success of that affair, and that he would

H 2                      quickly



quickly bring him good News. The Count mounted on his Horse to go to the Chase and his Gentleman of the Horse went to labour on his side to succeed in the Commission he had took upon himself. It was an enterprise something bold, in a Country where they are not pardoned ; but the passion he had to serve his Prince, would have made him hazzard much greater.

The Queen impatiently expected the Count *de Saluces*, who came not ; and wearied with not seeing him, in the time she had been hunting, she incessantly said to *Julia* ; Well ! Well, do you see how he comes ? you did not write to him obligingly enough, or rather the Princess has made him change his design. *Julia* endeavoured to Comfort her,

her, and told her that the time was not passed, and that some affair might have retained him, and that she believed him too well bred a man to fail to come, after having promised it. The Queen was not at all of a humour to divert her self with Hunting, so long as she was in that disquiet whether he would come or not; and that change of humour was so remarkable in her, who used to be in a Continual mirth, that the most indifferent perceived it: The Marquis and the *Palatine* interested in that affair, did all that was possible to dissipate that extraordinary melancholly; but they succeeded so ill, that on the contrary they augmented her ill humour by their importunity, especially the Marquis, who thought to do wonders. The

Count *de Saluces* at length arrived to render her her former joy. She manag'd her self so little, that she quickly let all the world see the pleasure she took in his arrival, and there needed not very much penetration to divine the favourable sentiments she had for him; hitherto she seemed as if she could not open her mouth: but since the arrival of that Prince, her wit sparkled in all kinds. She proposed a thousand sorts of Divertisements, of Courses, of tilting, of Shooting; and would always be, or speak for the Count *de Saluces* against all others, from whom indeed that happy Lover always carried the Prize: It may be imagined with what Eye the Marquis and the Count *Palatin* saw all this: Into what despair they were brought by  
the

the empressements the Queen had for that young Rival, and into what rage to see him the Conquerour of all. I know very well, that that day perfected the rendring them his most mortal Enemies; and the Marquis yet more than the *Palatin*: Because Jealousie had a greater influence over him. In the mean time that happy Rival seem'd to have but little joy in what caused the despair of others; and at which the proud Count *Palatin* was the most outraged.

The Count *de Salaces* mind run all upon the Success the enterprize of *Richard* would live. How long are the moments in those occasions, when one expects the sentence of Life or of Death! but of a Death by so much the more cruel, that

the Life would be the most happy that can be imagined. The Gentleman of the Horse came not: He would have had him gone as <sup>was</sup> in his mind. He had accompanied him with his Idea as far as the Palace, from thence he had made him enter into the Princesses Apartment; yet without being able to imagine how: He had seen him speak to her her self, and had made him say things the most touching and the most passionate for him in the World: After which the Princess had took his Letter, was moved, and had made him an answer, such as he could desire. By ill luck these imaginations lasted not long, for the Comedy changing Face, they found themselves quickly destroyed by contrary visions, which represented to him as if  
all

all were lost ; that *Richard* had been discovered and seiz'd ; and above all that, that the Princess had ill received his Letter, and that she made no answer to it. Of what tranquility was capable the Soul of that poor Prince, amongst so many different Winds, good and contrary, with which it was agitated, during the expectation of *Richard*? He arrived at length to render it calm. His Prince, who continually turned his Head that way he was to come, had no sooner perceived him, than that a trouble, mixed with fear and joy, seized him, and did not quit him till he had learnt from his Servant all he was to tell him.

He stole insensibly from the Company, and gain'd the *Po*, near which they hunted, and whither his Gentleman of the



Horse followed him. Well, *Richard*, said he to him, when they were in a place, where no body could either hear, or observe them, tell me quickly what I am to hope? Hast thou succeeded? say, Must I live or dye? Conceal nothing from me. What are the Sentiments the Princess has for me? My Lord, answered the Gentleman of the Horse, you ought not to despair of any thing; but I believe you would be more happy without the Scarf you wear. Ah Heavens, cried the Count, should this Scarf be the cause of my misfortune? It is at least all the reason, replied *Richard*, which was made use of not to give an answer to your Letter. Learn me, replied sighing the impatient Count, how all this is passed? For I do not comprehend

it, and if it is onely that Scarf which makes me unhappy, I shall have quickly reason to rejoyce for my good Fortune.

My Lord, you must know, continued *Richard*; that having seen you on Horseback to follow the Queen, I drest my self like a *French* Courier, and made one of my Friends conduct me to the Palace, where I am not much known: I said I came from *France*, that I must speak with the Princess to deliver her Letters from the Dauphins Daughter; with whom all the World knows she has a Commerce of Friendship; immediately I was suffered to enter, and was conducted to her Chamber, where I found her very pensive, and very melancholly, lying upon a Couch. There was onely with her one of her Women,  
who

who likewise kept at a distance. I approached her, and presented her your Letter; she eyed me, and whether I appear'd troubled in entring, or that she had some foreknowledge, she seem'd not to take it without trembling, nay, and changed Colour in reading the superscription. Without doubt the Character appeared to her New; and I saw her Ballance, if she should render it me, or if she should open it. I expected at least that she should ask me from whence the Letter came; but she contented her self with looking on me once again, without saying to me any thing, examining me seriously, as if she would have read in my Face what she should believe. In fine, Curiosity, or perhaps something more strong, mastering so much irresolution,

solution, she broke it open, and kept her Eyes on it above a quarter of an hour, with motions, which, if I may guess at by those of the Face, were not disadvantageous to you. After that she went into her Cabinet, where she was more than an hour; I believed it was to make you an answer; but calling for me, and speaking softly to me, You are mistaken, said she to me, rendring me your Letter; this is not addressed to me. Hold, carry that Letter to the Queen of *Sicily*, for it is to her without doubt it is written. I am too old, Madam, answered I her, to commit such a fault; it is to you my Prince sent me: And in the Condition I left him, I should rather chuse to dye, than to carry him back that Letter: For the contempt he would see you make

make of it, Madam, would cast him into utter despair. Well then, leave it with me, said she, being hardly able to hold from sighing, and for answer tell him, that the Queen would take it ill, that wearing her Scarf he should write to me the things he does : and that for my part it is yet worse ; and that I pray him it may be the last time. In finishing these words she dismissed me, and shut her self up in the same Cabinet. This, my Lord, has been the success of my Voyage, which I do not find unhappy for a beginning ; but if I durst take the liberty to give you advice, being old in the World as I am——It is done, interrupted the Count, as long as I live, I will never wear any Scarf, but from the hand of *Briseida*. Thereupon he

he fell to undo it from his Arm ;  
 when the Queen, who had not lost  
 sight of him, since he was sepa-  
 rated from the Company, tur-  
 ned that way, and came just in  
 time to see him unty it ; but  
 with an importment and a fu-  
 ry, as seem'd to her, against that  
 poor Scarf, that she was mortal-  
 ly vexed : And upon the point,  
 that *Gaspard de Saluces* was go-  
 ing to give it to his Gentleman  
 of the Horse, she advanced from  
 under some trees, where she  
 had stopped to see what he did :  
 It is to me, said she to him,  
 seizing it her self, that it must be  
 restored : For in truth you are  
 not worthy to wear it. The  
 Count more surprized than he  
 had ever been in his Life, to see  
 and to hear the Queen, thought  
 she had heard all the Conversa-  
 tion he had had with *Richard*,  
 and



and was upon the point to avow to her that passion he had for the Princess, to oblige her by that ingenuous Confession to pardon him the action she had seen him do upon her Scarf: But the Count *Palatin* arrived, who finding in the posture of the Count *de Saluces* something of a man much surprized, and in the Queens Face vexation and choler, holding the Scarf in her hands: The *Palatin*, I say, interpreting the thing quite otherwise than it was, and advancing to speak; because both surprized at his arrival said nothing more. Certainly, Madam, said he, the Count *de Saluces* must have committed some great Crime against you, that you take from him a Scarf Fortune had so liberally given him. Others would have made better use

use of it. You take too soon, answered *Gaspard de Saluces* the Queens part, not to see that it is for your self you speak ; but it is enough, pursued he that you had it not , to believe at least you deserve it not so well : That is a thing disputable, the *Palatin* repartee'd with a smile full of haughtiness, and——No, no, interrupted the Queen, who saw whither these words tended, It is for me to decide. Hold Count, continued she, giving it to the Count *Palatin*, but do not presume any thing from this present. I make of them, as things only obtained by hazard ; and those are not the good ones. Though this, Madam, answered the Count *Palatin*, was such a one, it would be enough for me, that I received it  
from

from your fair hands, to be infinitely proud. This discourse was again interrupted, by the arrival of the Marquis, who with the gross of the Troop ranged himself by the Queen. She foreseeing this would cause reports, and that it would be surprizing to see it in the hands of the Count *Palatin*, after having seen it on the Arm of the Count *de Saluces*, was willing to give some colour to this affair, and therefore to prevent rumours, I come, said she laughing, from punishing a deserter, who has separated himself from the Troop without leave. It seems to me continued she, with the same tone of raillery, that a man whom I had made my Knight, in giving him my Scarf, ought to be more assiduous with me, or at least not to quit me without first  
let-

letting me know. There were several Repartees upon this, which made a kind of Conversation, in which several Lords of the Court were engaged for the Count *de Saluces's* part; he defended himself so weakly, and appeared so cold to all that raillery, that it was apparent he was but little concerned as his disgrace: On the contrary he appeared to be more and more of a better humour, whether it proceeded from the kindness he believed the Queen had done him, in having acted thus; or that he did it, not to let his Rivals have the pleasure to imagine he had any regret at what had hapned, as they did not fail to believe, though he laugh'd and raillyed as the others. The Queen alone was deadly vext. She knew not what reason could have moved

moved that Prince to do what  
 he had done to that Scarf, after  
 having worn it two days in the  
 Eyes of the all World. She easily  
 fancied there was some mystery  
 in it, into which she could not  
 penetrate, and that all the ill  
 came from that man with whom  
 she had found him discoursing.  
 The mind of a Woman goes ve-  
 ry far when she is touched to the  
 quick, especially of a jealous  
 Woman: she had a thousand  
 imaginations upon that affair:  
 She made a hundred designs to  
 discover the Intrigue, and took  
 care to have him spied, whom she  
 thought the cause of all that mis-  
 fortune, to know whom he was, to  
 whom he belonged, from whence  
 he came, and what he would do,  
 during the Chace. But as it  
 was already Dinner time, the  
 Marquis made towards that side  
 where

where he had prepared a magnificent treat, where all the Company came ; and the Queen was there treated after an extraordinary manner, considering it was in the middle of a Field.

They had hardly took away ; when one of those she had set to observe the Count *de Saluces* man, came and told her, that it was his Gentleman of the Horse, who was to return to *Cazal* to carry a Letter that his Master had just given him ; but that he knew not for whom it was, and that he could draw nothing more from him. The fair Queen lost no time, her jealousy gave her not a moment of trice, and calling for one of her Gentlemen, in whom she much relied : She bid him take with him three or four of her Guards, to disguise them, and to go watch in the way to *Cazal* for



a man, that he, speaking of her Spy, should shew him; to seize and search him, without doing him any hurt, and to take all the Papers and Letters that should be found about him. The Gentleman executed very punctually the Queens Order. He went and hid himself in a Wood, that was half a League from *Cazal*, through which *Richard* was to pass; who no sooner appeared than that four Horsemen, making shew of going towards the City, seiz'd him by surprize, demanded his Purse, and found not about him any other Paper than a Letter; the Gentleman immediately carried it to the Queen, while that the others drew poor *Richard* into the thickest of the Wood to keep him till new Order.

F I N I S.







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